

Vol- 1.

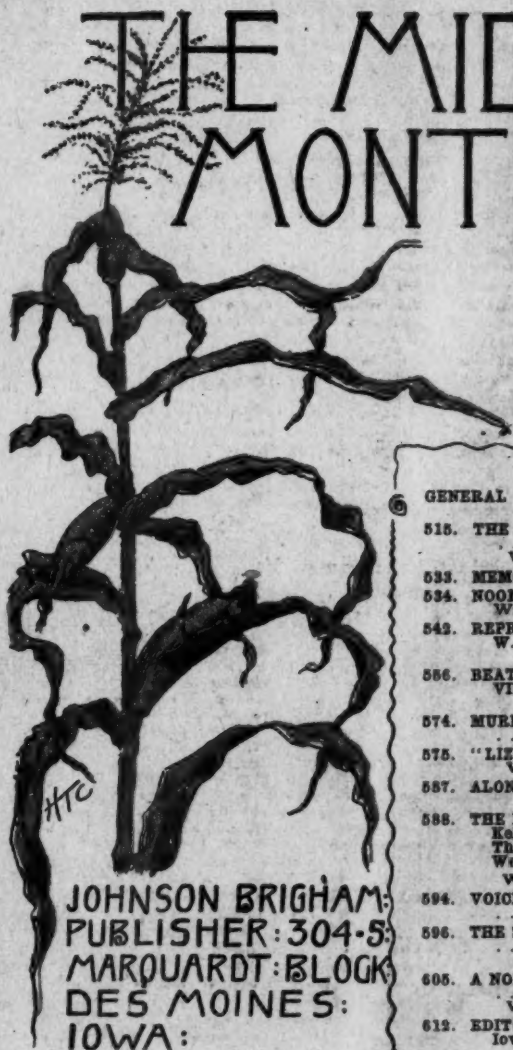
JUNE.

No-6.



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART



JOHNSON BRIGHAM:  
PUBLISHER: 304-5  
MARQUARDT: BLOCK  
DES MOINES:  
IOWA:

## CONTENTS.

- GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN — Frontispiece  
Drawing by Charles A. Gray.
515. THE LAST MAN OF THE REGIMENT: Story  
..... E. H. M. Byers  
With Illustrations by Carpenter.
533. MEMORIAL DAY: Poem. Mrs. L. B. Dermond
534. HOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND. III.  
With Illustrations ..... G. W. E. Hill
542. REPRESENTATIVE MEN. V. General George  
W. Jones ..... Maude Meredith  
With Portraits.
556. BEATRICE: A Story of Bayou Teche. Chapters  
VII and VIII ..... Alice Ilgenfritz Jones  
With Illustrations.
574. MURMURS OF THE NIGHT: Prize Poem ...  
..... Edgar Welton Cooley
575. "LIZ": Prize Story ..... Janet Buchanan  
With Portrait and Illustrations.
587. ALONE: Poem. .... Charles Eugene Banks  
With Illustration.
588. THE INVASION OF IOWA.  
Kelly's Tramps ..... Judge N. M. Hubbard  
The Commonweal Crusade. General J. B.  
Weaver.  
With Illustrations [on page 595].
594. VOICES OF MORNING: Poem ..... Samantha Whipple Shoup
596. THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA ..... Henry Wallace  
With Portrait.
605. A NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE ..... Andrew Estrem  
With Portrait and Illustrations.
612. EDITORIAL COMMENT — "The Invasion of  
Iowa," etc.

\$1.50 A YEAR INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
15 CENTS A COPY.  
FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

KENYON'S PRESS.

Entered at the Des Moines Postoffice as second-class matter.

"IN ALL THAT IS GOOD, IOWA AFFORDS THE BEST."

CHARTERED MARCH 18, 1886.

# Royal Union Life Insurance Co.

FRANK D. JACKSON, Prest.

SIDNEY A. FOSTER, Sec'y.

... DES MOINES, IOWA ...

---

An Old Line Life Insurance Company selling Life Insurance  
of all kinds; either for Indemnity or Investment.

---

**Tontines, · Endowments, · Annuities**  
OR TERM INSURANCE.

---

**ADVANTAGES.**

Highest rates of interest. Exemption from taxation.

**SECURITY.**

Net value of all policies deposited in farm mortgages with  
the state of Iowa.

---

This Company challenges comparison of liberality of contract (policy),  
and invites the investigation of agents who want the best not only for  
the present but for the future.

**AGENTS WANTED.**





DRAWN BY CHARLES A. GRAY.

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

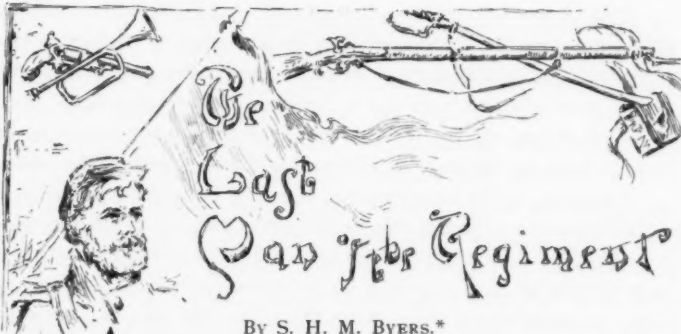


# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME I.

JUNE, 1894.

NUMBER 6.



By S. H. M. BYERS.\*

AT midnight of the 23d of November, 1863, a soldier in a blue uniform stood on picket in the woods close to Chattanooga. He was quite alone, and the night was one of absolute darkness. The river by which he stood flowed past him silently and swiftly. A great army was also in that wood, waiting only the morning to commence a deadly conflict. On the high hills, on the opposite side of the river, lay another army, waiting and watching in the darkness. It was the army of the South, fresh from the victory of Chickamauga. On its own shore of the river, its pickets also stood silent. The recent defeat of the Union forces had been so complete, so terrible, as to leave the whole Nation in dismay; an enraged and disgraced people were now crying that their generals should win a victory. It was a cry of despair. The Union lines had been shamefully driven back into Chattanooga, and were cooped up between the Tennessee river and the mountains. The supply trains, more necessary to an army than the generals themselves, could reach the encampment only with the greatest difficulty. Starvation was a possibility, that or a humiliating surrender.

\* Major and ex-Consul-general Byers' portrait is given in the January MIDLAND.

There was one other way to escape disaster. It was to attack against great odds and possibly win an overwhelming victory. General Grant determined to risk an attack along the whole line, and in order to surprise the enemy in his stronghold, he resolved to suddenly throw Sherman's army corps across the river at a little after midnight. It must be the work of a few hours; the surprise must be complete.

Thus it was that on the night of this 23d of November, fifteen thousand men had been concealed in the woods at the left of the army and close to the river. In a little creek near by, one hundred and sixteen pontoon boats lay in hiding. At a certain signal they would drift out into the water and receive their precious freight of human lives and attempt to ferry across the dark and rapid stream.

The man in the blue uniform, standing there alone in the dark so silent, was a picket of Sherman's army corps. With his regiment he had just marched four hundred miles to help in extricating the Union forces from their perilous position. But his was not a regiment any more,—not a battalion. It was only a fragment. Long service, hard marches, pitiless battles, had decimated it. Of the thousand strong young men who had enlisted two years before, scarcely three hundred now answered to the roll-call.

It was enough to give the lone picket there food for reflection; for would not the morning see his comrades in another conflict, supposing that for them and for him another morning should ever dawn? Every private soldier in the division had learned at dark what would be expected of him at midnight.

The silence and the darkness, if possible, increased and prevailed everywhere. To the enemy, watching on the opposite shore of the river, this silence must have been ominous and foreboding. There were no lights anywhere; only here and there a sky-rocket, sent up by the Southerners on top of Lookout Mountain, told their comrades over on Missionary Ridge that something mysterious was about to happen. The man on picket watched the enemy's rockets pierce the darkness that overshadowed the hills, and listened for the sound of muffled oars on the water. The pickets of the enemy on the opposite shore were as silent as himself. Only the dark flowing river divided the two armies watching for each other's destruction.

Suddenly the man in blue heard a low voice and a faint clicking of muskets. It was a corporal of the guard with two or three soldiers, coming to know if all was well. The soldiers passed on a little, and the corporal remained behind with the man on guard. Then the two stood there in the darkness and talked together of their homes, for they were friends. They talked of the terrible risk their division was about to encounter in attempting to cross the river. A common danger strengthens friendships, and confidences may be begotten by mutual fears. It soothes pain sometimes even to talk of it, and one of these soldiers had endured pain; a greater than can come from any battle-wound. Both of them had sweethearts,—and so it was that there, with the river at their feet and in the silence of midnight, they talked of love. The corporal told his story in few words, for she he loved was true. The man on guard leaned on his musket in the dark, and in language simple and direct,—the language of a soldier, also told of that which was in his heart more than the fear of any battle.

The woman he loved was at that moment with the army. Clara Donnelson was young and beautiful. Her skin was white as an infant's, and it was set off by cheeks like roses. Her eyes were large and black, and filled with tenderness. Her hair was abundant, and it, too, was black—black as the night. Her voice was as a song of gladness, and the grace of her movements was a delight to the eye. Her simplicity of manner, and her apparent unconsciousness of her own beauty, made women love her not less than men. Three years before, when the man there on picket in the woods first met and loved her, she was seventeen. In three years her beauty had, if possible, increased. It was the bud then; now it was the opening rose, and the dews of sweet youth were still fresh on her lips.

John Marshall did not know, when he volunteered to become a private soldier, what the sacrifice meant. He did not know, of the little reward that ever comes to the man carrying a knapsack, fighting in the ranks. The musket effects desired results, but the sword gets all the glory. In weary marches, in nightly vigils, in deadly conflicts, he had found it out. This night, here on guard in the woods, he realized it as never before.

Three years before, he had returned from college with his well-earned diploma,—more, he had won in school the highest honors of his class. He was tall, fair-haired, handsome and manly. In his western home he was the envy of every youth. He had seen the world. When Clara Donnelson loved him, it was not for position nor for money. The young lawyer had neither. He was feeless and fameless. Aside from an occasional case in a village court, or before a town notary, he was without employment. Clara had never loved before, and now when her affections were placed on the young college graduate, they were of virgin pureness, and her passion was so deep as to assure that neither time nor circumstance could ever efface them. The lovers were happy, and a twelvemonth passed with the swiftness of a marriage moon. The fascination exercised by Clara over the young man was absolute. He saw in her the perfection that is given to man to see but once in woman—when he loves for the first time. She saw in him all those hopes, those glorious possibilities with which a young woman surrounds the man to whom she has entrusted her heart. And as to fame already won, was it not something for a youth of twenty to be among the first at a great university? Besides, these were not the last honors that were to come to the name of John Marshall. Somehow the young girl felt sure of that.

Then the war tocsin sounded and gave sign of that fearful uprising which should sacrifice a million lives and leave a nation in sorrow. What lives they were, those sacrificed ones! What a holocaust! A million dead on the battlefield! No one dreamed how long the terror would be, the day John Marshall enlisted as a private soldier.

Time and again the lovers pledged their fealty in an imaginary separation, but only to clasp hands and kiss anew, as if they were to remain together forever. Yet the day came when thousands should say farewell forever and hearts should break in the parting.

Now came to Clara the days of weary absence from her lover, the months of expectation and pain. There came, too, that fearful pause that follows the news of every battle; the anguish of those about her whose dear ones fell mangled on the field, or whose corpses lay stark and stiff under a Southern sky. How the



"Then they stood there in the darkness and talked together of their homes."

women of the land held out and lived through the anguish of the burning years, God only knows! Only women who loved could withstand it all. Only women with husbands, brothers, lovers, could endure to sit four long years at their doorways expecting every messenger to be a messenger of death.

Clara Donnelson carefully scanned the news reports of every battle. At first the names of all the lost were printed; then the lists became too long for the journals, the battles too great, the conflicts too frequent, and only the names of officers appeared.

Captain John Lewis and seventeen men were killed yesterday in a skirmish on the Potomac.

So read the bulletins.

Great God ! who were those seventeen men ? Have private soldiers no names,—no mothers,—no sweethearts ? Then a letter would come flying to Clara Donnelson :

All well here on the Potomac ; not hurt ; seventeen of the boys though turned their feet up to the daisies.

Those seventeen were the lovers of other sweethearts, somewhere else. In every letter came a leaf, a blossom, a souvenir from the battle-field ; some bullet, cut, or stained with the blood of some fallen comrade. In every letter, too, came burning words of constant love. "In the moment of peril I was thinking not of death, but of you."

Spite of her fears Clara Donnelson was supremely happy. Spite of absence she was true. The love letters of private John Marshall were calculated to make any woman happy. The letters of Clara Donnelson could make a soldier brave.

It was a concession to the private soldiers that she was one morning quietly elected secretary of the Soldiers' Aid Society of the village. After all, were there not more husbands, brothers and lovers who were privates in the army than there were officers ? "They can't all be officers," she would sometimes say to herself, no matter what she felt. Of course the society made Mrs. Colonel Kilgore its president. They could not well help that ; the rank was too important, the woman too rich,—besides, the name itself had much in it of war. Two afternoons in the week all the women of the society met at the village church to make bandages, to scrape lint, to knit stockings, to sew shirts for the soldiers at the front, or the wounded in the hospitals. They all worked like beavers, but the secretary was the busiest of them all. It was a good way of keeping John Marshall's image before her, to be making stockings and bandages for his comrades.

Into all the stockings knit, into the pockets of all the garments made, it was a loving practice of the young ladies of the society to deposit anonymous letters, words of cheer, of patriotism, of home, and sometimes of a tenderer feeling. The soldier who drew the garment, as a prize is drawn in a lottery, regarded the pretty epistles always as personal to himself. No one in the

society was so clever at writing these missives as the young secretary. Did she ever know what sweetness her unsigned messages poured into rugged hearts, what balm into wounds and scars? How many heads were set a-guessing, how many hearts a-beating by the delicate breathings of notes in soldiers' stockings? What imaginings and perturbations around rude camp-fires as to who the fair writers were! If John Marshall sometimes saw the well-known writing in some comrade's hand, he said nothing. It was a delight to him to hear others openly praising the one he silently loved.

The weary days went on, and the war-weeks dragged into wretched months, till two whole years saw nothing but soldiers' blood—that, and women's tears. At the headquarters of the "Aid Society" the faintest rumors of mischance grew into terrible events, and slight reverses became National disasters. Letters sealed on the battlefield with love, were opened at home with trembling hands. Who might be the next to bear a broken heart none dared to guess. In the midst of it all, Clara Donnelson's heart beat step to one time. In her thoughts she was marching day and night with the soldiers of Sherman's army. It pained her at times to notice how little the private soldiers figured in the reports of battles,—and yet for herself she needed no public journal to tell her that her soldier had been a hero.

The brave deeds of the officers were blazoned everywhere. The slightest incident in the army record of Colonel Kilgore was dilated upon in the town newspaper as the act of a great hero. Yet truth sometimes put on a bold face and said that the great Kilgore was only a braggart. It mattered little, so long as he owned half the shares in the local paper. In its columns he was a Washington or a Wellington. At the meetings of the society the Colonel's wife read her husband's letters aloud, with their graphic descriptions of his valor.

"Why was not *my* husband an officer," whispered many a good woman as she plied her needle and silently shed a tear for the dear one marching in the ranks of the army, his deeds untrumpeted.

Perhaps sometimes, after all, Clara Donnelson may have had a little heartache that *her* lover, too, was only a private soldier.



One September day of 1863, Mrs. Colonel Kilgore had a letter from her husband. It was to ask her to come and visit him in the army. With her own eyes, then, she was to behold his deeds of glory. With one of those unexpected impulses that sometimes seize rich women, she invited Clara to accompany her. The Colonel had thoughtfully procured the proper passports, and Clara Donnel-son's heart



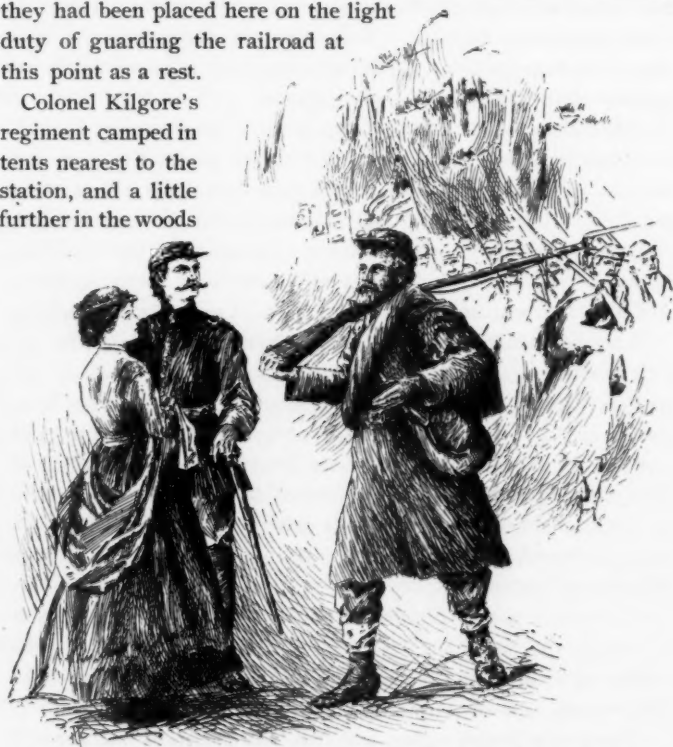
"No one in the society was so clever at writing these missives as the young secretary."

bounded with a new-found joy when the military railway train halted near to a small encampment in Tennessee.

John Marshall had been apprised of her coming by a letter ; but, as ill-luck would have it, his regiment was on that particular day sent on duty far away from the encampment. It was on a

reconnaissance. Clara wondered and was chagrined that her lover was not at the station to meet her. Colonel Kilgore, however, met his wife there, and Clara was escorted to headquarters by a dashing young staff-officer in a brilliant uniform. There were two regiments stationed near to this little railway station in the edge of a Southern forest. After much fighting and hard marching, they had been placed here on the light duty of guarding the railroad at this point as a rest.

Colonel Kilgore's regiment camped in tents nearest to the station, and a little further in the woods



"What was his astonishment at seeing a tall, dust-covered and bearded youth suddenly spring from the column and fold the beautiful woman in his arms!"

was the regiment in which John Marshall was a private soldier.

To Clara, that evening, everything was astoundingly novel. Much as she had read of war and soldiers' camps, still her idea possessed nothing of the real. She saw the queer little wedge tents standing in rows, with five soldiers and all their belongings crowded into each one,— the guard tent, the lines of camp-kettles

hanging from forked sticks, in which boiled the soldiers' soup,—the men policing and sweeping camp,—the faded and tattered clothes,—the indifference and weariness of the soldiers,—all was different from her expectations.

"Miss Donnelson, you ride, don't you?" asked the young officer who had escorted her from the station, as the party sat in front of a great camp-fire burning near the tent of the commander that evening after supper. "Of course, every girl from the West rides," answered Clara, and her eyes glistened at the possibility of a gallop in the woods by the encampment.

"We captured a beautiful dapple gray from a stray guerrilla yesterday," said the Colonel, "and if you would like him, and will risk getting on his back, I will give him to you to-morrow. But he is wild, mind you, and two soldiers could scarcely hold him when the wagon-master tried to mount him this afternoon. What will he do at seeing a woman's skirts flying about his flanks, eh?" "Perhaps he is a woman's horse," said Clara, laughing.

Above and around the camp-fire hung the dark pines of a Southern forest; near by, the white tents of the officers shone like specters. From a cord stretched across from two tall trees hung the starry flag of the Union. Stirred by the night wind its folds rose and fell in the light of the camp-fire like the melody of music. That instant a band close by poured forth a delightful strain. In the night's silence, among the tall pines, with the camp-fires breaking the shadows of the trees, the music seemed like strains from an enchanted land.

"It is in honor of your arrival in camp, folks," said the Colonel, turning to the two ladies. "How beautiful!" said Clara. That moment a flame from the camp-fire lighted her fresh, bright face. The young staff-officer saw it, and he too said "How beautiful!"

The commandant's great tent had been arranged into two compartments for the occasion, and when Clara Donnelson retired that night into the one reserved for her, it was with strange and mixed emotions. "What if a band of the enemy should surprise the camp this very night!" she thought; and then she uttered a whispered prayer for their safety. Was it the only prayer that night in the soldiers' camp? Soldiers are not overmuch given to praying. With many battles men become fatalists. Then she thought of

the morrow, and the joy of meeting her lover took possession of her. She thought too of the flaming camp-fire under the pine trees, of the band playing, of the flag rising and falling in the weird shadows. So her heart was rising and falling. She thought of the ill-clad men now sleeping in their rows of tents, of the bright uniforms of the officers at headquarters, and then of the handsome lieutenant who sat near her at the camp-fire. She could not sleep. Once in the night she pulled aside the tent curtain a little and looked out into the darkness. Only the ashes and flickering flames of the camp-fire remained. The tall pines had ceased to cast their shadows and stood there like grim sentinels. The flag flapped its folds in the night wind as before, and then was silent. She looked at the white tents. It was midnight in the woods and she heard the guard's cry, "Twelve o'clock and all's well."

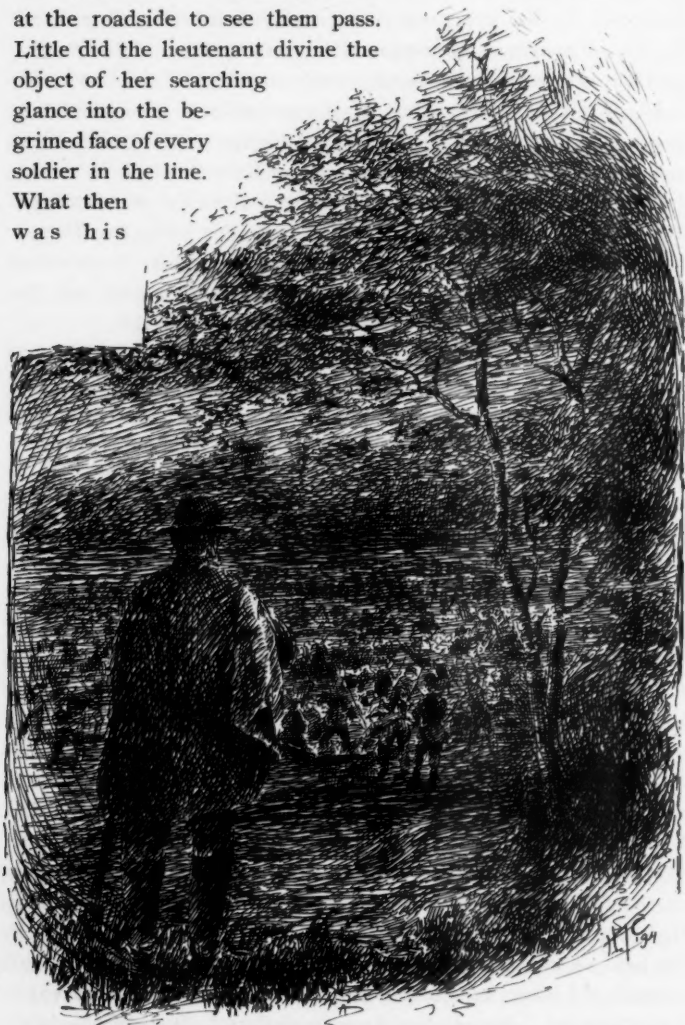
When the regimental trumpets sounded the reveille the next morning, Clara was already out walking about the camp and breathing the odor of the pine trees. The handsome lieutenant who had sat by her at the camp-fire the night before was the first to greet her.

"You will see the headquarters' guard mounted, of course," he said, meeting her on the clean-swept parade ground. She went with him. When the drums beat, and the guards marched past, saluting him, Clara thought she had never experienced anything so romantic. The great pines, the rattling music of the drums, the muskets glistening in the slanting rays of a morning sun, the bright uniforms of the three or four officers present, the thought that at this moment a near enemy might be listening to these same drums, all appealed to her excited senses. This was war!

Suddenly there was a sound of fifes and drums in the distance, and, in a moment, far down a narrow road among the woods, Clara caught sight of a moving flag and a marching regiment. It was John Marshall's command returning from the reconnaissance of the day before. They had marched most of the night. They had been near to the enemy. Every man in the column carried his heavy box with its forty rounds of cartridges, his fifteen-pound musket and saber, his canteen and haversack, his big overcoat and rolled blanket. It was a load for a dromedary! Spite of the dust, and the heat of the day before, and a ten mile march in the dark

of the morning, the returning battalion approached its camp with the steady swing of veteran soldiers used to marching.

Clara and the lieutenant stood at the roadside to see them pass. Little did the lieutenant divine the object of her searching glance into the begrimed face of every soldier in the line. What then was his



"The Great Commander himself stood at the edge of the water in a long mantle, and in low, encouraging tones bade his soldiers enter what seemed the jaws of death. . . . Soon three thousand men were floating out there on the stream in the dark."

astonishment at seeing a tall, dust-covered and bearded youth suddenly spring from the column and fold the beautiful woman in his arms! For a moment Clara, too, was astonished, embarrassed, possibly chagrined; but every soldier in that dusty line would have given his month's furlough to have stood for that moment in John Marshall's shoes.

When Clara Donnelson petted the gray charger that Colonel Kilgore had recently given her, the faithful animal placed his head against her breast as if finding a lost friend. "I told you, Colonel, it was a woman's horse," she cried, as with a laugh she sprang into the saddle. The lieutenant was at her side. Around the camp, into the pine woods, down the lanes, away to the farms, everywhere, almost to the camps of the enemy, they galloped daily. Clara rode like a huntress. Wherever she passed, the soldiers hurried to the roadside to look at her. One soldier only never came when the girl and the lieutenant rode by.

The officers saluted her. Had the commanding general himself suddenly appeared, he would not have attracted the attention this girl did, with her rosy cheeks, her flowing skirts and her dappled horse. She was waited on and adored by every officer in the encampment. She was living a life of constantly pleasurable emotions. Nothing so invigorates a woman as a dash on horseback in the woods. Nowhere does a beautiful girl look so handsome as in the saddle.

Clara, if possible, grew rosier every day. To the soldiers she was as a "phantom of delight," and the regiment called her "the beautiful rider." More than one poor soldier, leaning on his musket at the roadside, saw her smile as she passed and, thinking it for himself, went to his tent with a wounded heart.

And John Marshall? He, too, had a wounded heart. Perhaps Clara regarded the attentions of the young officer as mere gallantries, her accepting them an innocent pleasure. John Marshall, the private soldier, thought of them as the edges of sabers cutting his heart-strings.

"She was offended that I did not meet her at the train; how could I?" he thought.

"Why was he not there?" she had thought, that first night as she sat by the camp-fire. "Was two years' absence not worth



the attention of an hour?" Now it occurred to her it was because he was a private soldier, and dared not quit his regiment and come to her. That instant there flashed fully upon her mind how unfortunate a thing it was to be "only a private." She, too, felt now that John Marshall had made the mistake of his life when he enlisted in the ranks. The war might last for years, and yet he would always be a private. But Clara Donnelson also was making a mistake. Silently, almost unconsciously, pride was getting the upper hand in her soul. It was a heart-battle between the shoulder-straps of an officer and the blue blouse of a common soldier. Then she thought of his kiss, his embrace, that day his regiment returned to camp; but always there came back to her the thought "my lover is only a private soldier." When she reasoned with herself, if she thought for an instant of the man, and not the uniform,—of love, and not of epaulettes, her passion for John Marshall would return with ten-fold feeling. She saw him at intervals, but the intervals were rare—or there would be with her at the interview some follower in uniform, whose liberties, whose airs, whose dress, contrasted with the young man in the faded blouse, sweeping the street of the camp, and the contrast shamed her. It is a fearful thing for a woman to be ashamed of the man she loves.

One night, at the camp, John Marshall was put on guard at the headquarters tent of the commanding colonel. Clara slept within. Up and down his beat, the long night through, he guarded her. Nothing divided them but the tent-cloth. It was silent and dark without, and when he passed close to where she slept within, he almost heard her breathings. So close; should he wake her? Great God! if she would only speak,—if she would only dream, and that dream be of him! Torn with love, burning with jealousy, cursed with deluding hope, fearing life, bearing the heaviest load love ever knew, the poor soldier paced backward and forward before the tent where she was sleeping. He could have touched her cheek with his hand. Had she wakened and again given him one word of true love, John Marshall would have welcomed death.

When the corporal came with the reliefs at intervals, he still staid at his post. No one knew why; but she who might have



known, lay there sleeping. No ; she too heard the cry of "Midnight and all is well,"—but all was not well. Till the very morning she tossed upon her camp-cot, not knowing that her lover was so near ; that she could have stretched out her hand and made him blessed ! Her own heart was breaking with self-reproach. She had wronged the only one she had ever loved. Was it too late to heal a breaking heart ? "Oh ! that daylight would come !" Could she only see him,—one moment see him and ask forgiveness and vow anew ; and all the time John Marshall was there close beside her, dying for one word !

When the bugles sounded at daybreak, it was for the men to break camp and hurriedly march to Chattanooga and help save Grant's army. John Marshall's regiment led the advance. His own company formed the extreme outposts of the marching column every night. Time and again Clara asked permission to gallop on to the front to see him. It was not allowed. The danger was too great.

In six days, after forced marching, the two regiments found themselves stationed in the woods with Sherman's army at the Tennessee river. No wonder John Marshall wanted to talk of love as he stood there on picket that night by Chattanooga. With a handshake and a word of hope the corporal passed on, and John Marshall was left alone.

"What right have I to longer think of her ?" he muttered, shouldering his musket with a jerk. "She, the adored of all the officers,—I, a common soldier in rags !" Yet, in his heart, he was trying to find excuses for her. "But I can bear it no longer," he exclaimed, almost aloud.

That instant there was a low sounding of oars on the water. The soldier listened. It was Sherman's boats drifting out of the creek to ferry the column across the river. In whispered voices the pickets were called in, and the word passed round that the time of peril had come. In twenty minutes whole regiments of Sherman's army corps were stepping into the pontoons. They were not boats, these rude pontoons ; they were only boxes, and thirty soldiers were crowded into each one. Each man carried a musket and a spade. Then came the order to quietly float out into the river. The great commander himself stood at the edge of

the water in a long mantle, and in low, encouraging tones bade his soldiers enter what seemed the jaws of death. Silently every man obeyed, and they entered the pontoons as men enter houses at a funeral. Soon three thousand men were floating out there on the stream in the dark. The multitude of muffled oars plashing in the water, the sound of the pontoons as they would sometimes strike each other and be whirled about by the current, the low voices of the captains and the lieutenants giving orders to the oarsmen, the expectation every moment that a cannon-ball from the other shore or a blaze of musketry would crush the frail crafts and send their occupants mangled to the bottom of the river,—all together made the scene one inspiring supremest awe. The suspense in the darkness became terrible. For a moment every heart stopped beating and pulses stood still. Then it was whispered that the enemy's pickets had been captured by a ruse.

---

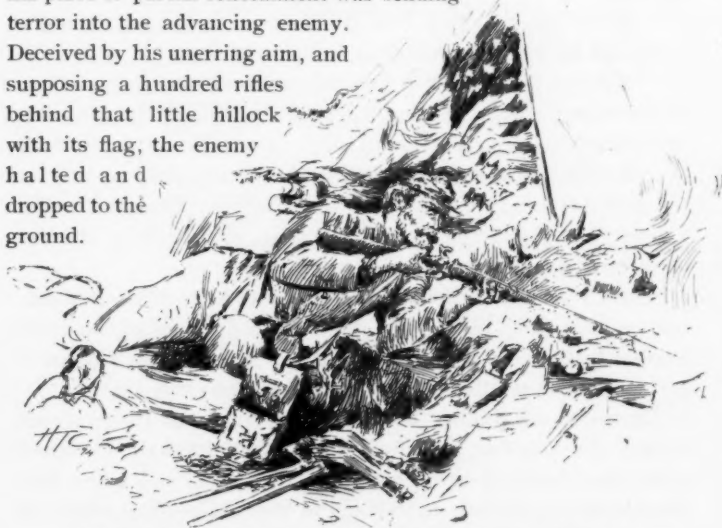
Daylight found five thousand of Sherman's soldiers on the other side of the river and, when the fog lifted, General Bragg, commanding the enemy, saw a line of blue-coats a mile long intrenched in front of him. It was a new art of war, this sudden building of intrenchments with spades. All Europe stood astounded at it.

Instantly the fighting and battling commenced. The hills of Missionary Ridge roared with the sound of a hundred cannon and from every vantage point deadly musketry blazed into the face of Sherman's army. From Lookout Mountain, shells shrieked through the air and the Union cannon from the south side of the river answered in deadly thunder.

Upon an eminence General Grant watched and directed the fierce contest, while, at a telegraph instrument in the White House at Washington, the great Lincoln listened for the news of battle. The whole country was looking on. Defeat meant national death and victory assured salvation. Two days the contest raged over spurs and hills and hollows in front of Missionary Ridge. On both sides regiments were decimated. Of three hundred and twenty blue-coats of a Northern battalion, two hundred and twenty-seven lay stretched in agony or death in forty-five minutes! That was war!

Sherman's lines were assaulting the difficult positions. Should they fail they would be driven into the river and Grant's army lost. The pontoon bridges would have been as straws under the feet of a panic-stricken, flying army. Once the order was given for a fierce charge by the center of Sherman's corps. With a terrible yell the men dashed towards the Ridge and for five minutes drove everything before them; but the charge failed. With a supreme effort the rebels at the foot of the Ridge hurled the Union men back toward the river. Whole regiments were seized with panic and fled. Colonel Kilgore's regiment, with the Colonel himself, gave way. Utter defeat seemed imminent. For some reason, unaccountable to those in the rear, the enemy did not pursue into the gap opened in the Union lines.

One regiment only, in blue, held its advance ground till the whole line was captured, wounded, or dead. Only from behind a slight eminence at the front still came the unerring bullets of a single rifle. It was a Union sharpshooter who had picked up the flag of his dead battalion, placed it upright at his side, and from his place of partial concealment was sending terror into the advancing enemy. Deceived by his unerring aim, and supposing a hundred rifles behind that little hillock with its flag, the enemy halted and dropped to the ground.



"Only from behind a slight eminence at the front still came the unerring bullets of a single rifle. It was a Union sharpshooter who had picked up the flag of his dead battalion, placed it upright at his side, and from his place of partial concealment was sending terror into the advancing enemy."

If a soldier or an officer stood up, though only for a single moment, a bullet whizzed, and he was dead. Retreat was as impossible to the line of rebels as was advance. A dozen officers, attempting to encourage their men to rise and rush on to the hillock, were killed in as many minutes. "There are a hundred men there," said a rebel captain. The one lone flag, riddled with bullets, still hung there defiant. One man was keeping back an army corps. That moment the commander of the Union line dashed up to the panic-stricken column at the river. "What has happened?" he shouted. "Where is Colonel Kilgore? Men, why are you trembling? What flag is that? Where are my brigades of Corinth and Vicksburg?" He looked hurriedly with his field-glass to the front, and in an instant saw, with the lone flag, one single man. "Get ready, men," he shouted, "if he can check them ten minutes, we are saved!" Instantly the bugle sounded, and a fresh column, led by the Commander himself, dashed forward to the bullet-riddled flag. Instantly the tide of battle turned—the line of the enemy broke and ran.

"Brave man!" cried General Sherman, springing from his horse and folding John Marshall in his arms.

"You are wounded, but from this moment you are an officer of Sherman's army." The blood of the private soldier reddened the uniform of the great commander. Soon the word was back over the river, how a single soldier had saved an army corps. At the White House in Washington the President thanked God for a victory, and John Marshall's name stood on the rolls of the war department as a hero who had saved a battle.

Clara Donnelson had heard it all. With some of the staff-officers, at a safe point back of the river, she had witnessed the whole terrible battle; she had watched the lone flag,—the charge,—and now she heard the name of her beloved on every lip.

Instantly the feeling that had only slumbered in her heart awoke; the love that pride for a day had sought to drown seized anew upon every fiber of her soul. Remorse, too, seized her. She demanded instantly to be taken to the field-hospital where he lay in agony.

"Is he here? Is he here? Is Private John Marshall here?" she cried, springing from her horse and flying to the door of the field-hospital.

"Yes," answered the surgeon, pitifully, "*Captain John Marshall is here,—but he is dead.*"

They handed her a locket found upon his breast. She opened it,—the picture, her picture, had been pierced by a rifle ball; but the bullet that pierced Clara Donnelson's heart was not of lead.

### MEMORIAL DAY.

FROM stately homes of pomp and pride,  
Where wealth may costly tribute pay,  
From lowly cot, where sorrows bide,  
Come loved and loving ones to-day.

Fair hands in wreaths of evergreen  
The roses and the violets bring;  
In brown and toiling hands are seen  
The sweet wild flowers of early spring.

And she who knows the mother-love,  
Unchanged by time, its grief, or joy,  
Now comes to lay her gift above  
The grave of someone's darling boy.

The widowed one, whose care-worn brow  
Still marks the sacrifice she gave,  
Lays flowers in silent grieving now,  
Where love, nor prayers, nor tears could save.

And sisters, daughters, strew with pride  
Bright blossoms o'er each cherished spot.  
In garlands of the promised bride,  
Still hides the blue forget-me-not.

BEAVER CROSSING, NEBRASKA.

Mrs. L. B. Dermond.





BALMORAL CASTLE.

### NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND. III.

THE GRANITE CITY—THE DEE SIDE —BALMORAL— FISHER VILLAGES  
AND PERTH.

BY G. W. E. HILL.

RIGHT royal was the welcome accorded us on our arrival at Aberdeen. City councillors, bailies and staid church dignitaries stood ready to receive the American who alighted from the carriage of the North-Western railway, and the welcome made him feel that "the Granite City" was one of the most hospitable towns in all the world. Seating myself in a luxurious carriage, with distinguished friends I was driven to the palatial home of J. A. Dunn, one of Aberdeen's leading tradesmen. Most cordial was the reception here tendered. I might say, in passing, that a feature of my visit which was pre-eminently delightful was the opportunity it gave for coming in direct contact with the people. John Dunn is a man of the people, honest, industrious and frugal. He has amassed a fine fortune, as-cobbler, shop-keeper and wholesaler, and is to-day one of the substantial men of this city. His is a typical Scotch home, and we gladly take occasion to describe it as a fair example of the better class of homes, to a number of which we had free access, in that far-famed land of scone and porridge and hospitality. Passing through the gateway, which is the only break in the high stone wall that separates

the grounds from the Queen's Road and shuts off the prying gaze of the curious, we found ourselves in a lovely garden, where azalias, rhododendrons, laburnums, roses, palms, masses of vines and beds of bloom made a delightful picture. The air was filled with the dense perfume from thousands of flowers. The house, like everything else substantial in Aberdeen, is of granite, strong and palatial in appearance and commodious in size.

The front door swings wide as we alight, and mine host comes down the step, and the hearty hand-shake and cheery welcome make us feel we have come to a haven of rest. There is a heartiness in the Scotch welcome which I have met nowhere else. A sweet-faced woman, Mistress Dunn, clasps our hand as we cross the threshold, and kindly seconds the good man's greeting. The house itself is a rare delight. A broad hall extends the entire length of the building and at the farther end opens out upon the green terraces and flower-plats of the garden. The ceilings are high and the rooms large. No two rooms open into each other, but all open upon the hall. Our chamber, with its high-canopied bedstead, quaintly carved wardrobe and high-backed chairs, is a source of much pleasurable curiosity, and the bed, built high with mattress and feathers, is a downy comfort. The Scotchman has much artistic talent, and many a rare bit of canvas and richly decorated bits of china, rich jardinières containing potted plants, and beautiful tapestries, tell of the cultivation of this love of the beautiful. Meals are served: breakfast at eight, luncheon at one, dinner at six and supper at eleven o'clock — the first two and the last in the cozy little breakfast room, while dinner is served in the great dining room and is the formal meal of the day. The garden is our especial delight. The daisy-bordered beds, the masses of pansy bloom, the dainty creepers and dense arbors excite our keenest admiration. Time and again, with wee John as our guide, we wander in this lovely nook and listen to John's stories of summerings among the crannies of Loch Tay and among the fastnesses of the Grampians.

Our visit to Sunny Bank is very like to the days spent at West-side, Woodside and Cullen Villas at Kirkland Park, and at the Manor House, all beautiful nooks and quiet crannies among the homes of Scotia.



Aberdeen is one of the cleanest and most beautiful cities of Northern Europe,—built of granite; paved with granite; the houses walled in with granite. Delicate in coloring, the three colors predominating are our own red, white and blue.

The rain had fallen in a sharp shower just before our arrival, and, riding up Union street in the light of the slowly descending sun whose softened rays fell with kindly touch upon the eastern walls, each spire and front became glorified. The effect was wonderful. It was as though the skilled workmen employed by nature's forces had turned everything in Aberdeen into a mass of diamond-lighted beauty. Wide, clean streets; great parks and many of them; elegant public buildings; beautiful churches; a massive quay and huge fish-market make Aberdeen a city where one may long and pleasantly tarry.

It is from Aberdeen that the tourist visits Balmoral, and surely a visit to this region is not complete without making such a journey. One morning we breakfast early at seven and hurry to the station where we take the train for a day along the Dee Side and amid the quiet about Balmoral. The River Dee has its source among the Grampian Hills. It follows a general northeasterly direction and reaches the ocean at Aberdeen. A railroad runs parallel with the north bank of the Dee to Ballater, a point some forty miles distant from Aberdeen. The railway is most picturesquely located and the tourist is under an almost constant tension of delight. The valley of the Dee is extremely narrow. It undulates like the heaving bosom of the great ocean of which this fair valley was one day a part. At its widest point it is probably not to exceed five miles in width. It contains many pleasant villages and cozy homes of sturdy Highlanders.

Along the line of the railway pretty villas are found in profusion and here England and Scotland send their upper-crust trades-people to spend the summer months. This is an aristocratic thoroughfare, for along this line the Queen must pass whenever she visits Balmoral, and to be so situated as to look out from your own windows at the magnificently appointed train that bears Her Majesty is considered a rare privilege. About twice during each summer the traffic of the road is delayed that royalty may seek the quiet and seclusion of these mountain fastnesses.

Our train, in just forty-five minutes from the time of starting, slows into the station of picturesque Ballater. This town of Ballater is intensely Scotch. It is a pretty Highland town with wide, well-kept streets, many lovely gardens, neat homes and tidy shops. Its only distinction lies in the fact that it is the terminus of the Dee Side railroad and that it is often honored by the visits of England's queen. An elegant stone bridge spans the Dee. It is named Victoria, in honor of Her Majesty. Quiet and restful lies the valley and all about it are the towering mountains, while like bright spots of color the village and homes of the mountaineers



FERRYDEN.

peep out from among the banks of green and the occasional sheen of the river makes a picture wondrously fair to look upon. We came and stood upon the bridge and looked away to the meadow-lands where,—

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled  
The fragments of an earlier world;  
And mountains that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land."

It is a picture never to be forgotten.

After luncheon we take a carriage and driver and proceed by a splendid mountain road along the north bank of the Dee to Balmoral. The road for the most part lies close beside the river's bank

and is unrivaled for the beauty of its scenic effects. The mountains reach away toward the blue. Here and there a deep, dark den leads back toward the mountain fastnesses. A sparkling burn comes down from the hill, rattles across the way and drops into the Dee. Here and there a cairn crowns some high hill and commemorates some deed of valor or speaks in an unwritten language kindly words of the nation's heroes. Among these sylvan solitudes Victoria and the Prince Consort wandered in their days of wedded bliss. Here on the emerald sward and in the shade of wide-spreading trees their numerous children and grandchildren have gamboled.



PERTH AND THE RIVER TAY.

Here came the presumptuous Marquis of Lorne to woo the fair Louise, bringing his queen a bunch of the sweet white heather as a talisman.

About six miles from Ballater we pass Abergeldie castle, the Scottish home of the Prince of Wales. It is plain and unpretentious, a relic of the feudal days. It stands close beside the river, and a delicately constructed suspension bridge forms the only ingress from the north highway.

Another mile and we come to the little "auld kirk" with its quiet churchyard, where sleeps the much-loved retainer, John Brown. His queen did not forget his years of faithful service, and

a splendid monument marks his resting place, erected by Victoria's order. This churchyard is within the beautiful grounds of Balmoral. The white spires of the castle rise from the mass of green and make a pretty picture, viewed from any point.

We climb to the summit of a high hill near by and look down upon this fair estate. The beautifully outlined palace, built of pure white granite, the rolling meadow-lands, the quiet and seclusion of the peaceful valley lying low within the Grampian ramparts,—we do not wonder that England's sovereign should love to come to this quiet spot for rest. From every window she may



HOME OF "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH."

look out toward statue or cairn, each a memento of the lover of her youth, her King. To this fair spot she came long years ago, when, light and supple, she rode her own palfrey along these mountain roads. Here she may lay aside the carking cares of state and be just a woman.

We cross the river below Balmoral and return to Ballater by the south road. We pass the little school-house where the Duchess of Albany acts as the fairy godmother and has spent so much time and money to educate the children of this region. By easy stages we come to Ballater where in the gloaming we take the train for Aberdeen.

The story of a visit to this region could not be complete without a reference to the fisher folk who are found among the many villages along the shores of Scotland. Quaint and curious are their little villages and strange the costume and musical the dialect of this people. Many a nook and cranny where they are found would repay more than a passing notice. We visited two of these villages, Ferryden and Johnshaven, each a village of about two thousand souls, and, save the keepers of the little shops, the inmates of the tiny manse and the schoolmaster, they are all fishermen.

Here one notes quaint and curious customs. The men are bronzed and weather-beaten from long exposure to wind and storm. They are gruff but hearty in their greetings. They are frugal and industrious, a brave and hardy people, intensely religious and all Presbyterians.

One old lady remarked, "Sir, I dinna ken ye aften see sich canna Scotch folk?" The people fish throughout the entire year, for their very sustenance depends upon their energy. The men from early dawn till fading day toss on the billowy sea and the women mend the nets, gather bait or spread the cod upon the shore. Three months of the year the older men spend among the Orkney and Shetland islands. The rest of the season they labor near their own harbor. We might mention a fact here that startled us. "My Laird" owns even the sea, out to a distance of three miles from the shore, and the fisherman who gathers his catch within that limit must pay tribute to his "Lairdship." Even the gathering of bait is often forbidden unless a toll is paid for the privilege. We came to Ferryden while yet the fisher fleet was anchored there. There were scores of boats all taut and trim. The boats rose and fell with the pulsing tide while their owners anxiously watched the shifting wind and waited a favorable breeze to waft them to their summer fields of labor. We came in the early morning of a fair June day, down to the river's mouth and watched these busy people at their work. The boats rocked on the waves while the men gathered in the nets, rich with the catch. The hum of voices and snatches of Scottish songs came from below the rocks, and leaning over the beetling crag we saw the busy fish-wives spreading cod or stacking it like cord-wood ricks.

Acres of cod lay outspread, curing in the sun. Yonder a woman toiler turns the black sand and gathers the white fish-worm, while over beyond the point of rock sit a group of women whose busy fingers bait the hooks or mend the broken nets. These fish-wives are a sturdy lot and yet we could scarcely comprehend how they could bear their heavy burdens.

Few Americans seem to care to come to Perth and yet it is a delightfully situated and beautiful city, located on the River Tay at the head of tide-water. Perth was, until the year 1482, the capital of Scotland. At the old abbey of Scone, Scotland's kings were crowned. The last sovereign crowned there was Charles II, in 1651. Bits of the city's ancient walls remain. Here dwelt, in Simon Glover's house, Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth." The structure still stands, but the house of to-day has very little of the romantic about it. The street in front is narrow and dirty. A magnificent bridge spans the Tay.

Old St. John's church, ten centuries old, is a massive and elegant structure. It is now divided into three sections by walls of stone, and three congregations worship there at one and the same time. The splendid tower is one hundred and fifty-five feet in height. It was in this church, in 1559, that John Knox preached the famous sermon which led to the destruction of the monasteries.

From the Edinburgh road, just above the Cloven Crag, a scene of unrivaled beauty meets the eye. The smiling valley of the Tay, the city of Perth, the rugged chain of the Grampians, and the majestic Hill of Kinnoull,—it is a matchless view.

There is much to be seen about Perth. Friarton Hole, Moncreiffe Hill (the glory of Scotland), the Dragon's Hole, Scone Palace, Kinfauns, Dupplin and Huntingtower Castles,—all these are in the immediate vicinity and well repay a visit to this, one of Scotland's fairest nooks.



A FERRYDEN FISH-WIFE.

## REPRESENTATIVE MEN. V.

GENERAL GEORGE W. JONES, THE FOUNDER OF A STATE.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Seldom is it given to any one to write of a life covering nearly a century, and filled full of work for the public good, full of devotion to public interests, and brilliant with personal greatness ; and yet, with such an incentive to urge on the pen, I would rather turn from it all and speak of the man as his home and his townspeople know him.

I must tell you of General George W. Jones as the great men and the great measures of the century have known him ; and while I consider with pride and with awe the long activities of a life that was at its zenith before I had known what life meant, yet I would prefer to lay aside all that relates to his public career, and tell of the man ; of the friendly neighbor, the courteous, affable gentleman ; of the stanch, steadfast friend, and the ideal husband and father.

The man who has been honored in public life has also been the soul of honor in his home. The man who gave his life work to the State, has been as grand and good in his own family. No greater honor hath any man than this.

On the 12th of April, 1804, in Vincennes, Indiana, was born to J. R. Jones a sixth son whom the parents named George Wallace. His father, Hon. John Rice Jones, was a native of Wales and was a graduate of Oxford. He graduated in the regular collegiate medical and law courses and came to New York. He afterwards removed to Philadelphia and was the warm friend of Benjamin Franklin, being at one time associated with him in the practice of law. He afterwards removed to Louisville, where he became acquainted with Henry Clay. In 1807, he removed to St. Genevieve, Missouri, and had the distinction of being the first lawyer in either Illinois or Missouri.

Of these six sons all were of marked character and ability. Rice, the eldest, was a physician, as, also, a law-graduate and a politician. John, the second son, served in the war of 1812, was



twice postmaster-general of the republic of Texas, and later was elected United States senator where, happily, he served in the same session with his brother, the subject of this sketch.

Augustus, the third son, another soldier of 1812, and in later Indian campaigns, was marshal of Missouri for nine years under General Jackson, and served in the Mexican war as captain of volunteers.

The fourth son, Myers, distinguished himself in the Texan war for independence, and died there.

The fifth son, William, was a past midshipman in the United States navy; was sent to Europe on a mission by the government, and, very soon after his return, died of cholera in Dubuque in 1834.

George W., the sixth son, was educated at the Transylvania University, of Lexington, Kentucky, which was at that time the finest educational institution in the country. Henry Clay and William T. Berry — the last named postmaster-general under President Jackson — were his college guardians, and Jefferson Davis was one of his classmates, and a warm personal friend. It was during this time that he formed the acquaintance of Edwin Forrest, then playing at Lexington, an acquaintance that ripened into the close friendship of later years. The first foreshadowing, as it were, of the public honors that were to be bestowed upon him in later years, came while still a college boy, when he was appointed sergeant of the staff that escorted Lafayette on his visiting tour of America.

He graduated from college in 1825, and began the study of law in the office of his brother-in-law, Hon. John Scott, then filling his second term as member of congress from Missouri.

His next honor came while studying law. His uncle, father, and others, had recommended Colonel Grafton for clerk of the United States court, of which James Peck was judge. It was supposed Grafton would be appointed, but one day a letter came addressed to George W. Jones, clerk of the United States court, in which Judge Peck, entirely ignoring all recommendations, appointed Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones' health was failing, and two years later he was told by his physician, Doctor Lynn, afterward senator from Missouri, that he must seek an open air, out-of-door life, and advised him to follow a friend, Henry L. Dodge, first governor of Iowa, up the

Fever river. He did so, and in 1827 settled at Sinsinawa Mound, where he leased from the government 1,000 acres of land and began mining, smelting and farming. He opened several stores, trading with the Sac and Fox Indians; at that time occupying the Dubuque region. A little later he erected the first reverberating furnace on what is now Iowa soil, a mile or so above the present city of Dubuque.

It is told as a joke on the General, that while he was keeping "bachelor's hall," at the solemn hour of midnight he was awakened by the tramp of horses, a great uproar and pounding at his door, and a stern demand for admittance.

You must remember that these were not days of security for such pioneers. The General prepared to defend himself and, weapons in hand, swung open the door, to be confronted by — his old college friend, Jefferson Davis, at the head of a company of cavalry, on their way from St. Louis to the government fort at Prairie du Chien.

While a resident of St. Genevieve, General Jones met and admired Miss Josephine Gregoire, and after spending two years alone in the heart of the "timber" he went back to St. Genevieve in 1829, and married the lady of his choice.

After a few weeks spent in Missouri, he brought his youthful bride to the home he had himself hewn from the solid logs and reared there, on the sunny slopes of Sinsinawa Mound. After a long and prosperous and prominent life, Mrs. Jones was wont to refer to this first home as among her most happy recollections.

In 1830 they removed to Dubuque, where they have since resided. Five gifted children, three sons and two daughters, came to complete this happy family.

At the time of the General's golden wedding, in 1879, their townspeople gave them a surprise in the parlors of the Lorimier House, Dubuque; one of the most interesting features of the evening being the first quadrille, danced in the old-time steps, led by General and Mrs. Jones, with Major and Mrs. Meyers — the last named one of the bridesmaids — opposite.

During the Blackhawk war in 1832, he sprung into prominence as an *aide de camp* on General Dodge's staff, and participated in most of the principal events, taking part in the last bloody battle

on the Wisconsin river, at which time the troops practically annihilated the Indian forces. Soon after, General Jones was appointed Colonel of the militia.

In 1833, at a mass meeting at Mineral Point, General Jones was appointed judge to preside over the highest court in the territory of Michigan. In passing, I would say, in proof of his rare good judgment and careful administration of justice, not one appeal was ever taken from one of his decisions.

Two years later, he was nominated as congressional delegate from the territory which then included all the country now subdivided into the states and territories of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Oregon, Montana, Washington, Wyoming and Idaho. This was the beginning of a brilliant political career, covering a period of more than thirty years.

In 1837 he was reelected delegate to congress, and during this, as in the former session, was a most tireless and successful worker. Here he succeeded in organizing the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, and this before Michigan had been admitted as a state, a case which was then without a precedent.

A move was made looking toward his appointment as governor of the Territory of Iowa, and warmly supported by such famous men as Daniel Webster, James Buchanan, Thomas H. Benton, John Bell and Silas Wright, but the president decided that, being a member of congress, he was not eligible.

The official career of General Jones was one marked with activity, with the broadest foresight, and the keenest interest in the advancement of his adopted territory.

General Jones may well be called the father of Iowa, a state which his untiring energy carved out of the vast region of the almost unknown Northwest; which he fostered and protected and even christened, giving to it one of the most musical names in our republic.

After officiating at the birth, as it were, of the infant territory, General Jones urged the plea of self-government so convincingly as to carry his point, and the President made him the further concession of allowing him the privilege of naming fourteen of the eighteen officials elected. It is related of him that this trip to Washington came near an unpleasant termination.

It was the custom of all offices in new territories to be filled by appointments from the states, but the new delegate thought his constituency should be remembered and so wrote President Jackson. The letter was not intended to be saucy, but it was enough to set "Old Hickory" foaming, and he sent for the western delegate in a hurry. He had time to cool off before Mr. Jones arrived, and the result was a friendship that was very warm between them. Mr. Jones suggested the name of his friend and benefactor, Henry L. Dodge, for governor, and the appointment was made.

While a delegate, in 1836, he procured the establishment of two land offices in Iowa, one at Burlington and one at Dubuque, and for the latter city he secured the office of surveyor-general. Strong influences were brought to bear in favor of other towns, but the General's keen discrimination told him that Dubuque was the better locality, and with his usual care for the public good, at the expense of his own private interests, he placed the important trust in the latter city, provoking by his wise action the hostility of many influential residents of Wisconsin.

When in 1842 the land office was removed, the people sent out the Macedonian cry, responding to which the General went to Washington, and labored until he secured an order restoring it to the "Key City." Four years later he responded again to a somewhat similar call, and on this visit to Washington secured an increase per mile of the amount allowed for surveying of public lands, amounting to just twice the previous rate.

In 1840 he was appointed by President Van Buren as surveyor-general, which office he held until the change of administration, but was reappointed to the place by President Polk, in 1845, and held the position until he resigned, in 1848, to take his seat in the United States senate, as the member from Iowa. At the close of his first term he was reelected for a succeeding term of six years.

Among the many important points of legislation, that were far-reaching in their benefits, was the General's amendment to Judge Douglas' bill in the senate, which gave a land grant six miles wide on each side of the track of the Illinois Central road—from Cairo to Galena by way of Chicago. As amended the bill read to Dubuque.



GENERAL GEORGE W. JONES IN HIS NINETIETH YEAR.

This amendment he fought for and secured in the face of an imposing array of wealth, talent and influence, and to him is Dubuque indebted for the inestimable benefit this has been to the city. In the following year he secured land grants of great value for four railroads through Iowa. When the Illinois Central road reached Dunlieth, now East Dubuque, a great jollification was

held, a barbacue given, at which General Jones, the president, met on most friendly terms Senator Douglas, the orator, and the very man to whose bill the general had added the amendment.

Again, he secured another measure of great importance to Dubuque and the entire vicinity, by making Dubuque the initial point of the river mail line between Galena and St. Paul, and securing the carrying of the mails by the Dubuque Steam Packet Company, instead of the Galena Packet Company.

In this the General worked for the interest of his people in opposition to the interests of his many personal friends in the latter city.

General Jones was also the first to move in the then stupendous scheme of a trans-continental railway, and, at his suggestion, as early as 1837, a mass-meeting was called, at which a petition was framed asking congress to appropriate a sufficient amount for a survey of a line of railway between the lakes and the Mississippi river, "as a first link in the chain to the Pacific ocean." And they succeeded in getting an appropriation of \$10,000 for the purpose.

At the time that he secured the admission of the territory of Iowa, General Jones included substantial sums for the construction of public buildings, which, by the ingenious wording, secured a public library building and a penitentiary. In this latter, Iowa still holds the exceptional position of having secured a penitentiary at the expense of the general government.

The term of his colleague, Senator Dodge, expired on December 26, 1855, and just a few days before that John C. Breckinridge had declined a mission to Madrid. Learning of this he sought the President, Franklin Pierce, and requested the appointment of Senator Dodge as ambassador to Spain. With President Pierce he was on the most intimate terms, and so great was his influence with him that in twenty days the appointment was made and confirmed by the senate.

At the expiration of his second term as senator, in 1859, President Buchanan nominated him as minister to New Granada, this nomination, at the suggestion of Senators Harlan and Grimes, being unanimously confirmed without the usual reference to a committee.

The compliment thus tendered him by the President the General was averse to accepting, but was finally prevailed on by his friends, and for three years made his official home at Bogata. Here he remained during the whole of the civil war in that country. He was on intimate terms with General Musera, of the revolting army, and, when that army captured the president and other officials of the country, the English and other ambassadors interceded in vain, but the intercession of General Jones saved the captives their lives.

In 1863, he was recalled by Secretary Seward, and on landing in New York was notified that ex-President Franklin Pierce was waiting to see him at the Astor House, he having heard of his arrival. He sought out Mr. Pierce, and was most pleasantly and warmly received by him.

On going to Washington he was immediately recognized by President Lincoln, though he failed to recall having previously met his host. It afterward transpired that in 1850, while Mr. Lincoln was a member of the Illinois legislature, he had proposed and secured the passage of a bill of minor importance for Mr. Jones.

A most pleasant conversation followed in which Mr. Jones mentioned his having been a scholar at Transylvania. Lexington was Mrs. Lincoln's home, and the president arranged a meeting between Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones was well acquainted with her family and with many of her intimate friends. During the several days he remained in Washington he was a regular caller at the White House and was a privileged guest.

Here he formed a very pleasant acquaintance with George D. Prentice, and renewed his acquaintance with Secretary Seward, who gave him warm words of praise for his foreign ministry. The Secretary gave a dinner at this time, reserving the seat of honor for his guest, the ex-minister from South America.

A little later, the one dark cloud in the General's fair career arose, growing entirely out of the uncertainty and stress of the turbulent times of war. General Jones was a democrat, and believed, with his party, in the legality of states rights, but was as loyal and true to the Union as he was ever true to his friends. He had hoped against secession as earnestly as he deplored the war between the States.



Jefferson Davis, the General's old college friend, at the instance of General Dodge, while he, Davis, was secretary of war, had appointed William, the General's son, lieutenant in the second United States cavalry. Previous to the time of the General's return from Bogata he had written Mr. Davis concerning the matter, and addressed the letter in the care of the authorities in Washington. Being so nearly cut off in his foreign residence from the country for which he had labored so faithfully and long, he could not have fully realized that the great wave of patriotic enthusiasm and the red trail of war had swept aside all personal friendships, as it had covered all points of law; nor did he know that his home city of Dubuque had been reported to the government as a "hot-bed of secession," and therefore did not realize that a personal letter would be held contraband and counted an offence.

Perhaps no more could those already black with the smoke and dust of the great contest act coolly or justly; there was a mistake somewhere; but that, with all the acts of the great struggle, is covered with the dust of more than thirty years. We will let it pass. Some one brought up the fact of this letter, and suddenly, as the General arrived in New York, he was put under arrest, and held, without specified cause, for four months in Fort Lafayette, as prisoner of state, and at the expiration of that time, without explanation, set at liberty.

I suppose no sketch of General Jones would be quite complete without mention of "that duel."

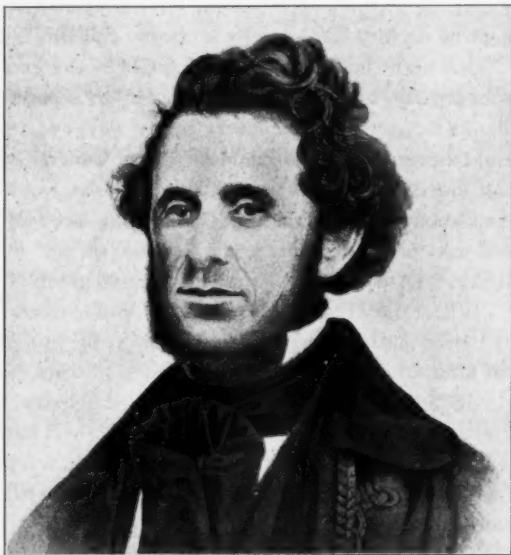
It was in 1838 that Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, was challenged by William J. Graves, of Kentucky, to fight a duel. This necessity to challenge seems to have been forced upon Graves, who was a personal friend of Cilley, and had been delegated to carry a letter from a Kentucky editor by the name of Webb, who had some bone to pick with the Maine senator. Cilley would not receive the letter conveyed by Graves, and, in consequence, a few hot-headed Kentuckians insisted on a duel. Mr. Cilley begged his friend General Jones to act as second, and chose rifles as weapons, being unacquainted with the use of a revolver. The Maine senator was killed.

But from this unpleasant picture let us turn to some of the more amusing incidents of the General's life.

The Illinois Central railroad, in recognition of the General's services in securing the land-grant, had given him a pass, which some officious conductor took up at about the close of the war. The general notified the authorities, but received no attention. Not long after this the railroad company wished to obtain several acres of land in what is now East Dubuque, which was the property of General Jones. One day he was waited upon by William B. Allison, the present senator, and asked his price for the property.

For a moment the general's keen eyes twinkled, then he answered slowly: "Five thousand dollars cash, and—"

"I guess you don't want to sell," interrupted Allison, smiling. But the general continued placidly: "—and a pass over the road for myself and



GENERAL JONES, CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATE FROM THE TERRITORY OF IOWA.

family during my life,—and after ten days the price will be ten thousand." The company took the land—which was worth about fifty dollars to any one but the road—at the general's terms.

As an example of the General's *finesse* in matters of grave importance, I found very amusing an incident that occurred at the time of his struggle to make Iowa a territory, in 1838.

John C. Calhoun was bitterly opposed to its admission, and declared that he would make a speech to defeat the bill, adding: "I won't have another abolition state in the country."

The General pleaded that there was not an abolitionist in the territory.

"I don't care. I don't care for that. I may not live to see it, but if you live you will see Iowa become one of the strongest abolition states in the country, with the result that it will destroy the Union."

After this the General despaired of getting the support of Calhoun, the loss of which meant the defeat of his bill.

But he was not yet defeated. What he could not win by argument he decided to secure by strategy, and this is the sequel.

One night he escorted the daughter of the great nullifier home from a party, and as they were about to separate she expressed thanks for his courtesy in a very pretty way, and was quite sure she could never return his kindness. The General was quite certain that she could, and intimated that "if she would put her lovely arms about her father's neck" when she met him in the morning and ask him to support the bill, then he, not she, would be the debtor. Of course she gave her promise gladly.

When the General next met her and learned that her request had been flatly refused he was about at the end of his resources; but a happy thought occurred to him, and when he again met the young lady he said to her: "You must help me. I will ask your friend, young Clemenson, to call and take you to the gallery of the senate during the session to-morrow. When I send a card to you, I wish you would send a request to your father to step outside for a moment to see you."

This program was carried out, and the young lady met her father in the library.

No sooner had Calhoun left the senate chamber than the bill was called, and when he returned, twenty minutes later, Iowa was a territory!

It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of the services rendered by General Jones to the great Northwest. In the record of those early years of transition, every page of history records some victory won, some help extended to public enterprises, to public works, to those great arteries of the nations—the traffic-bearing railways—in encouraging immigration, and aiding all the infant enterprises of the new land.

Few, indeed, are the men who can show so long a record wherein no man can point a finger and say, "herein he swerved," or "there he weakened." Never once, never for an hour did General Jones lay off his armor, or turn aside from the high purposes of his life to build up and strengthen the interests of those for whom he labored; to stimulate the growth and advance the worth of the state of his adoption and place it in the foremost rank among the sovereignties of the west.

A personal meeting with General Jones is like a chapter from a fine, old-time romance.

Walking up West Fourteenth Street on a sunny afternoon, I met the General walking briskly down, the military cape of his overcoat tossed jauntily back, and a slim cane held lightly in his hand, an alert, handsome man, apparently about sixty years old.

"Is it possible," I asked myself, "that General Jones can be nearing his ninetieth birthday?"

I addressed him and begged for a photograph, that I might give it to the readers of the MIDLAND MONTHLY. Into the keen, black eyes crept a shadow of *ennui*. That the dear old gentleman was bored to death with interviews I had before surmised; but he courteously smothered the feeling, and chatted cordially on the subject as we walked back to his home. But when, seated in the parlor, I asked for material for a sketch, a far-away look came into the dark eyes. The request took him back into the years crowded with great people and great events, and he hardly knew where to begin.

In our conversation he drew from his pocket a letter from a friend and co-worker, and I read the words: "In our long and close friendship extending over a space of fifty-seven years." I dropped the letter in my lap, awed by the stretch of years, while the general sat gazing through the sunny windows of to-day, back into the shadowy vistas of that glorious past.

The principal events of that life would fill a volume, and in my attempt to condense and select, I sadly mar the beauty of the whole. But arbitrary are the limitations of space.

In speaking of the recent celebration of the General's ninetieth birth-day, a Dubuque paper sums up some of the most marked features of his career in these few brief paragraphs, thus:

He not only created Iowa Territory and gave it its name, but he named the counties after his colleagues and friends — was its first delegate in congress, and on our admission to the Union was Iowa's first United States senator.

He enjoyed the close friendship of all the presidents from Monroe down to the present hour.

He was associated with Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton and many other notable men, and was at Henry Clay's bedside when that illustrious statesman, the nation's favorite son, passed away.

When the national congress gave Lafayette \$200,000 in money and twenty-four thousand acres of land for his patriotic services, with his dear friend, the Immortal Washington, in our revolutionary war as the nation's guest, he came in 1824 and made a tour through every state of the Union amidst the wildest demonstrations of gratitude by the American people, General Jones was one of his body guard part of the way.

He secured the appropriation which built the old state capitol at Iowa City, now the state university.

He secured for the people the patents under which titles are still held to the lands on which rest the cities of Dubuque, Burlington, Fort Madison, Bellevue and others.

I could not thus condense the feeling of love for and pride in our illustrious townsman, felt by the people of Dubuque, and indeed the entire state. Perhaps a copy of Governor Jackson's message to the state legislature, relating to the approach of the ninetieth anniversary of the General's birth, will better express it than any words of mine :

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY: *Gentlemen*— I take great pleasure in reminding the senators and members of the house of representatives of the fact that we have living with us, as a citizen of the state of Iowa, a gentleman who for more than two-thirds of a century has made his home with us. He is a native of Indiana, but shortly after he attained his majority he came to this part of the country which was then known as the "Far West," and soon enjoyed the honor and distinction of serving as a delegate in congress from the territory of Michigan, his district embracing an area stretching from Lake Huron to the Missouri river. He introduced a bill in congress which organized the state of Wisconsin and gave that state its name. Afterward it was largely through his efforts that the state of Minnesota was organized, and to him was accorded the honor of naming its first territorial governor. At his earnest solicitation the territory of Iowa was organized and he also gave to it its name, and upon its admission as a state was elected as the United States senator from Iowa. He suggested the names of Clayton, Calhoun, Clay, Buchanan, Jackson, Fremont, Benton, Davis and Polk, to be given to certain counties of Iowa in the honor of eminent statesmen of that day, many of whom were his personal friends and colleagues, thereby giving evidence of the friendship which he entertained toward these great national characters whose names and memories he wished to perpetuate. The county of Linn he named in honor of Senator Linn, of Missouri, bestowing that name upon one of his daughters at the same time.

This distinguished citizen was a drummer boy in the war of 1812, and was a prominent character in the Black Hawk war. He was at one time an equal partner with Daniel Webster, which firm entered lands from the government now occupied by the cities of Madison, Wisconsin and Sioux City, Iowa. He was an intimate and personal friend of Andrew Jackson, and in 1823 he acted as special escort through the state of Kentucky to the General, when on his way to Washington to take his seat in congress, in 1824. By resolution of congress he was made a member of the reception committee to meet Lafayette when that illustrious patriot visited this country.

The gentleman to whom I refer, the Hon. George W. Jones, is now living in the city of Dubuque, Iowa, strong and vigorous in health, and is looking forward with

pleasant anticipations to his ninetieth birthday, which will take place April 12th, next. I would suggest as an appropriate recognition of the services rendered by this eminent citizen of Iowa, that an invitation be extended him to visit the capital of this state upon the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, and that he be received by the members of the Twenty-fifth General Assembly in joint convention.

FRANK D. JACKSON.

The General Assembly responded by adopting a joint resolution inviting this distinguished citizen to visit the Capitol, April 4th, this earlier date being fixed in view of the fact that the Legislature would not be in session April 12th, the General's birthday.

The commemoration was a historic event. The youthful-looking Governor of the State of Iowa arm in arm with the venerable founder of the territory of Iowa! side by side with one whose active public career had closed before his began! Among the legislative committeemen who did the veteran state-maker honor were some who had risked their lives that the General's state-rights theories might not result in a dissolution of the Union; men who, after all these years given to the reconstruction and upbuilding of the edifice that was so nearly wrecked by those who sought to carry the General's views to conclusions from which he himself had shrunk, could not and would not find it in their hearts to treasure up resentment against the man whose first half-century of active life had been so full of devotion to their state. There behind the Speaker's desk sat, with the distinguished guest of the State, the venerable Nestor of the House, Hon. D. F. Miller, who was cotemporary with Henry Clay in Congress; Judge Casady, whose memory is a storehouse of territorial history; Grandfather Norris, in his ninety-fourth year, whose memory includes the principal events of the War of 1812; and others who, to borrow the splendid Websterian phrase, had "come down to us from a former generation." In the presence of these reminders of territorial Iowa, and of the era before our state was even a territory, how like events of yesterday seemed the history of Iowa as a State, a history which of itself covers nearly a half-century! Those who were privileged to be present felt that they had caught new inspiration for the future as they listened to the story of their commonwealth's struggle for existence and for national recognition.

## BEATRICE.

### A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### CHAPTER VII.

An unusual event of any consequence occurring in an isolated country mansion in the quiet times preceding the great war produced a commotion whose concentric circles vibrated to the farthest limits of the plantation. Especially might this be expected to happen at the home-coming of a young collegiate at the close of his school year.

It was known one morning at the breakfast table that Burgoyne would arrive that day. The news had come in a roundabout way, — for Burgoyne had not been able to give the exact date of his return in his last letter.

M. Condé, at St. Martinsville, had been notified the evening before, by a stage-coach passenger, that his young friend was on board the "Arlington," due the following day, and had kept himself awake half the night in order to get his indolent, irresponsible factotum, Ebenezer, off for La Scalla Place in good season with the message. The result of his faithful vigil was that Ebenezer, astride the only beast he was ever permitted to mount, — whose patrician name of Bonaparte he had contemptuously reduced to "Bony," for obvious reasons, — was faring along on his way with a remnant of his breakfast in his hands before the first blush of dawn.

It was a six-mile trip, but as Bonaparte had little flesh to carry, either of his own or the rider's, and as they met no one at that early hour with whom Ebenezer could squander time — which he was always prone to do — they covered the distance with reasonable dispatch.

A single incident broke the monotony of the ride. Despite his general worthlessness, Ebenezer enjoyed to some extent the confidence of his master, and he was informed of the object of his matutinal jaunt. When he was nearing the journey's end, he espied through a fringe of trees the overseer of La Scalla Place



making ready to cross the coulé which cut through one end of the plantation ; and unable to forego the satisfaction of communicating with that high functionary — and incidentally availing himself of the prestige which attaches to the trusted courier — he drew up as near to the coulé as he could get, for the swampy ground and thick jungle of palms, and called out his interesting news.

The overseer, though glad enough of the information, and of being the first to receive it, crushed the unlucky messenger with the rude advice to "push on and deliver his cargo at headquarters instead of peddling it out along the way." "Crushed" is the right word, for poor Ebenezer had a spirit as delicate as a mushroom,—a persevering spirit that reared itself anon from the mellow soil of his gentle simplicity, to be reduced to impalpability by any careless foot that chose to tread upon it.

A bright black boy who accompanied the overseer on his rounds from field to field, holding himself ready—as is often the sorry office of boys—for any service that might be required of him, found means unbeknown to his master to spread the tidings all over the plantation before the sun was in the zenith ; causing the whole air to palpitate with a pleasant excitement—for which, after all, there was no substantial foundation. Burgoyne would not scatter golden guineas among his father's slaves, nor would his coming change the routine of their laborious, monotonous lives. But the young heir of the La Scallas had the gift of popularity. He was one of the royal scions of nature born to receive the generous, free-will homage of the multitudes,—an homage that depends not so much upon what a person does as upon what he is. He stood for ideals. To but see him crossing the fields with his dogs, or dashing along the lanes on his beautiful black mare, Dauphine, was an agreeable event worthy of remembrance. It was as if one beheld, not merely a young man engaged in exhilarating pastime, but Young-Manhood itself, haloed by all the bright possibilities of glorious, free, untrammelled life.

The slaves, great and small, rejoiced in him. Though the joy cast an indefinable shadow upon their own hearts ; like the shadow, tender, and glad, and sad, which falls upon the heart of age when radiant youth passes by.

Though it was broad day, and the mists were rolled into soft white clouds and lifted a little above the landscape, and the birds were piping their sweet early songs in the dewy trees, there was no stir at the mansion as Bonaparte ambled up the avenue.

But at sound of hoofs on the hard shelled drive, Big Jake came out of the stable door, curry-comb in hand, and peered down through the files of magnolias. He recognized both horse and rider at a glance, for they made frequent appearance at La Scalla Place, and called out heartily, "Hi, Eb, dat you-all? Look lack somebody daid, t' see yo' canterin' obeh hyeh s' airly in de mawn'n'! hope 't ain' Mars' Condé, he mighty fine man, gi' me two bits er sumpin' lack dat eb'ry time he come hyeh."

"Nobody ain' daid," replied Ebenezer, reining up in the stable yard and regarding Jake with a passive, uncommunicative gaze.

"I's glad t' hyeah dat," said Jake, and paused. After an interval of inquisitive silence, which elicited no response, he remarked with cold courtesy, "Ain' yo' gwine t' 'light?"

Ebenezer, whose mind worked as slowly as his body, except when it involuntarily let loose some guileless thought, sat still and considered. He liked company as a rule but was not fond of Jake's, and he balanced his general liking for society with this particular dislike and was undecided.

Jake eyed his skeleton steed with a fine air of connoisseurship and asked with cruel levity, "W'en yo' gwine t' plaster dat hoss, Eb? I see yo' got de lath on."

Ebenezer grinned helplessly. At best he had but the modicum of dignity which attaches to the shiftless; mounted upon old Bony his self-respect shrank to the smallest proportions. Jake's heartless banter hit the tenderest spot in his composition—the susceptibility to ridicule—and made him wince. He slid out of the saddle with unwonted alacrity and, leaving the despised beast to take care of himself, advanced toward the stable door, hoping by the value of his news to indemnify himself for the humiliation put upon him.

Jake had stepped inside the stable and resumed his morning task with pretended indifference as to the object of Ebenezer's visit, —the quickest way, he believed, to precipitate the information.

"I's got a letta' hyeh, f'om Mars' Condé," Ebenezer hastened to say, fumbling in his pockets and bringing the missive to light.

Jake dropped the curry-comb and, wiping his hands on his trowser-leg, reached for it.

"Impo'tant?" he asked with a grave manifestation of interest.

The word seemed to impart somewhat of its quality to Ebenezer's limp manner. He straightened himself up—until his center of support struck the true anatomical axis—and replied, "I espec', suh, dat letta' gwine t' tell you-all, leas'wise yo' Massa'n' yo' Missus, dat yo' young Mars' Bu'goyne 'ribe home dis ebenin'."



"Ebenezer pulled the animal back into the road, and mounting him continued his journey and his complainings."

"Dat so?" said Jake. He looked at the yellow envelope, which he held gingerly by one corner, and suddenly his black face expanded with a generous smile. "Golly! I's pow'ful glad yo' tole me dem news, Eb'neza," he said, "it gi'me de chance t' polish up Mars' Bu'goyne's mar' a li'le mo'n common."

Ebenezer edged inside the stable door.

"Don' ainy 'em look lack dey requi' polishin'," he remarked, but not with the intention of being complimentary. He spoke sadly, as if mentally contrasting the sleek fat creatures, who at sound of his strange voice turned their intelligent eyes toward him inquiringly, with his own scrawny beast.

His humble spirit could barely support the gaze of these four-footed aristocrats, and he was almost on the point of taking off his

hat to them when his attention was diverted by an angry exclamation from Jake.

Bonaparte, accustomed to relying chiefly upon himself in the matter of food and drink, and who was a diplomat on the question of ways and means, had taken advantage of his liberty and wandered off on what proved to be a successful foraging expedition. He had found a small door ajar in one of the out-buildings and had his nose deep in a feed-bin. Ebenezer's heart sank.

"Git out'n dar, y' ole stack o' bones!" shouted Jake, running toward the thief and shying a piece of pine board at his thin flank.

"Hyeh, Jake, don' scar' 'im 'way," besought Ebenezer, "I's got t' be movin'."

He made haste to capture the animal, who had got his foot tangled in the halter-strap, but led him beyond the range of Jake's contemptuous gaze before mounting him,—complaining bitterly the while, and laying the blame of his self-disgust and all his other woes upon the luckless but not depressed Bony.

Bony, in fact, had no susceptibilities; he was tough both in his feelings and in his hide. Even now, upon the heels of his ungracious rebuff,—and when his delicate-minded master was bowed to the earth with mortification on his account,—he was making calculations about certain green things he meant to snatch just a little farther down the road.

"Yer al'ays gittin' me inte' trouble, y' ole skinflint," muttered Ebenezer, trudging along beside the unconscionable beast and eyeing his uncouth anatomy with baleful but harmless resentment, "wid yo' 'bom'nable 'pearance, 'n' yo' greedy jaws dat hab t' be chawin' sumpin' de hole blessed time. An' Big Jake dat stingy dat he would n' gib yo' moufful ef yo's starbin' to def. An' yo' ain' got no mo' sense,—'n' no mo' regyards fo' yo'sef, 'n' myse'f, 'n' go an' poke y' ole haid inte' his co'n crib, 'n' confuse bof o' we-all wid shame 'n' humidity. Yo' mought jus' 's well esplain de esplanashun to Big Jake dat yo' ain' got nuffin t' eat t' home!—which y' knows am a lie. De Lawd knows," he went on, cuffing a persistent fly that had settled on Bonaparte's neck, "dat ef yo' had n' al'ays a-bin saddled onto me f'om de very beginnint, ebeh sence yo' was a on'ry, long-legged, yaller-hided colt, I mought a-bin somebody mo'n I is. Yo's tuk all de speret

out 'n me, an' all de ambishum, 'n' I ain' no — hyeh, don' swalla' dat mulberry tree !”

He pulled the animal back into the road and mounting him continued his journey and his complainings.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Good news in which all are interested creates a general feeling of good-will. When it was known that Burgoyne was really coming home that day, there was bustle and excitement and joyous animation all over the premises. The house had to be put in holiday trim with flowers and green festoons, and preparations set on foot for an extra good dinner.

Uncle Smiley hitched his mules to an old cart and drove into the woods for a load of rattan vine, a species of decoration of which Mme. La Scalla was particularly fond.

Cosette sent the maids flying hither and thither, with special directions about Burgoyne's rooms. She herself went into the kitchen to discuss the important affairs pertaining to that department with Aunt Riddy ; and finally put on her sunbonnet and trotted down through the gardens to consult Salome about some of her famous pudding recipes,—a circumstance which had a most revivifying effect upon Salome's spirits. She went to the old chest and got out her French cook-books, and turned their hallowed leaves with something like the thrills one feels in opening old love letters that have long been locked away.

The two old women sat down and bent their heads over the yellow pages and fell to talking of Paris and the past,—their hearts warming toward each other as they reconstructed, in imagination, the scenes with which both had been familiar in their youth. And thenceforth Salome had a friend,—with whom she could chat on equal terms, and smoke cigarettes on her little portico of a quiet evening.

Late in the afternoon, when the whole place had begun to wear an air of preparedness and delightful expectancy, Evalina sent Beatrice out to cut a few more flowers for the finishing touches. M. La Scalla, with his wife and Mrs. Vincent, had gone for a drive, intending to meet Burgoyne at the steamer landing. Jake also had gone to the landing leading the splendidly groomed Dauphine.

Beatrice had filled her apron and was tripping round the house, as eager and interested as any of them, when the sound of galloping hoofs arrested her attention and she stopped short.

Burgoyne, with Jake behind him, was riding up the avenue. He was dressed in the uniform of his school—which included a good many brass buttons. A jaunty cap rested on his thick black hair; he carried a steel-ringed riding-whip and wore spurs of polished silver.

Already he had passed the chrysalis stage of callow, ungainly boyhood, and was a tall, symmetrical youth, with a rich coloring and a fine fearless glance.

He dismounted and walked rapidly toward the house, gazing inquiringly and admiringly at the small figure on the walk.

Beatrice had not moved. The rhythmic hoof-beats and the picturesque rider with the slanting sunbeams glancing from all the bright points in his dress, had brought to her mind a confused medley of recollections made up of the glittering carnival, with its throbbing of drums and fanfare of trumpets; the handsome young uniformed officers whom she had seen dancing in the brilliant hall and talking softly with their beautiful partners on the star-lit gallery overhanging her little court in the French Quarter; and above all the many glorious visions she had conjured up out of her own innocent consciousness about the great, gay, processioning world,—whose *avant-coureur* the young rider seemed to be. She looked at him as one looks at a picture that has fathomless meanings and stirs the soul to uneasy longings and vague but high aspirations.

Burgoyne supposed her to be the child of some guest of the house, which was not surprising, for Evalina dressed Beatrice in her own outgrown clothing, always fine and pretty.

Her neck and arms were bare and there were bows of ribbon on her shoulders. Her abundant hair hung in loose half-curved masses, and she wore an odd-shaped cap with a tassel, which Madame La Scalla regarded as a highly artistic decoration.

Burgoyne stopped in front of her. "How d'ye do, little Miss," he said. "Would you mind telling me who you are—what your name is? There, look out, you are spilling your posies."

He dropped upon one knee and began picking them up, calling their names as he replaced them in her apron. "Roses, verbenas, japonicas, amarylis,—there you are, now hold your pinafore up so."

At that moment Helen appeared upon the upper gallery, attracted by the sound of Burgoyne's voice, and called out, "O, Evalina, come, quick, and see Burgoyne on his knees to Beatrice!"

Burgoyne straightened himself, looked up, and raised his cap without the least embarrassment.

"Is it not the proper thing to bend the knee to beauty?" he demanded, and added with smiling gallantry, "I might have done the same if it had been you, instead of this little Miss!"

Helen tipped her chin saucily. Evalina came rushing out and threw her brother a kiss, and then both she and Helen disappeared from the gallery and came flying down the stairs.

"And so your name is Beatrice?" said Burgoyne. "Well, I should like that if I were you; it's a fine name."

He turned to greet the other two girls.

"Why, don't you know,—she's Evalina's maid!" exclaimed Helen, as she shook hands with him.

"You don't expect me to believe that," said Burgoyne. "Does she, Eva?"

"O, yes," Evalina replied; she was clasping him around the neck and pulling his face down to hers. "She is my new little maid, that I wrote you about; and she's the dearest little thing,—Mama thinks so, too. But—" she added in his ear, "Cousin Helen and she are not on—pleasant terms."

Beatrice had stolen away and gone into the house with her flowers, wondering why Helen's explanation should have angered her so, and why Burgoyne's incredulity made her feel like crying. She had thought it a very pleasant thing to be Evalina's maid.

In a moment the carriage drove up. Burgoyne had greeted the party at the landing, but Dauphine was too restive to be kept down to the sober pace of the carriage horses, and had galloped on with him in advance. He helped the ladies out, giving his mother a second embrace and his father and Mrs. Vincent another handshake. There was the usual clatter of tongues, the noisy intoxication of delight which characterizes a happy reunion.



"I thought that steamer was never coming," declared Mrs. Vincent, "we must have waited there an hour! We got out and walked up and down the bank and looked, and listened, and —"

"My dear Constance, it was scarcely half an hour," corrected Madame.

"O, well, I measured the time by my impatience, not my watch," laughed Constance. "We were all dying to see you Burgoyne,—*Mon Dieu!* how you've grown."

Burgoyne took this as a compliment and bowed.

"I was the first to see him," said Helen.

"O, no, Beatrice was the first," returned Evalina.

Helen curled her lip. "That doesn't count," she said.

"How are the dogs?" asked Burgoyne, and made a move for the back yard. They all went with him, curious to see whether the dogs would recognize him. Madame said she would hardly have known him herself.

Burgoyne gave a peculiar whistle, and the great creatures started to their feet, hesitated a moment, quivering from head to tail, and then leaped forward to the full length of their chains, scattering the flowers wreathed round their necks.

Evalina explained that Beatrice had begged leave to decorate their collars in honor of their master's return.

"Beatrice!" exclaimed Burgoyne.

His mother took it upon herself to explain Beatrice' friendly relations with the dogs, and their tractability under her hands, and related the bird story by way of illustration.

Burgoyne's eyes sparkled with surprise and admiration.

"The plucky little pigeon!" said he. "I should hardly have dared to risk so much myself, especially with Prospero; he is much more unmanageable than Fleet."

"O, Beatrice did not consider the risk," said Mrs. Vincent, affronted that the subject had been mentioned, "that cut no figure with her."

"Of course," returned Madame, "she is only a child."

She linked her arm in Burgoyne's and headed the procession back to the house.

Burgoyne looked about, noting with lively interest all the little changes that had taken place in his absence and all the familiar

things. He raised his eyes to follow the twinings of a honeysuckle vine, which he himself had planted, running up one of the great pillars of the mansion, and espied Beatrice among the leaves, leaning over the railing of the upper gallery looking down upon them. He smiled and waved his hand to her, and repeated, "The plucky little pigeon!"

Beatrice disappeared as a squirrel disappears at sight of a hunter.

Cosette marshalled all the house-servants into the hall to be noticed by the "Young Master" as he went out to dinner.

His manner of meeting them,—simple, kindly, courteous, and with some special look or word of recognition for each,—seemed to take away the perfunctory character of the ceremony. But it was a ceremony that did not lack in dignity on his part or in respect on theirs. The line between master and slave was as clearly drawn at La Scalla Place as elsewhere, but on a plane where tyranny and abject humility could not meet.

The enlivening influence of Burgoyne's presence was not a mere temporary effect, passing away as soon as the household and himself were again familiarly adjusted to each other, but an unfailing elixir. He carried about with him an exhilarating atmosphere—as strolling players of ancient times carried their "properties," ready to set up a stage for the delectation of an audience on any village green or city common. Though Burgoyne was not given to making amusement; he had no particular talents or accomplishments, and no disposition to shine. But—and this is a singular fact—he was never regarded as the inferior of those who had talents and accomplishments and who did shine. He was one of those to whom genius appeals for recognition,—one of those royal judges who cannot themselves compete for prizes, but whose gracious office it is to award the laurels.

Burgoyne had had no great personal ambition since the relinquishment of his early desire to be a pirate. But at school he was always ready to back his aspiring friends for college honors in any field of contest, intellectual or Olympic,—a politic course had he been a diplomatic youth, since in the natural course of things one rises or falls with one's friends, and helping a friend is indirectly helping oneself. But Burgoyne had no ulterior motives and counted neither costs nor profits. Directness was the basic

principle of his character. He paid himself the honest compliment of simply being himself, and taking his measurements of life and the world from a point within himself. His particular associate at school — chiefly because circumstance had thrown them together — was a young man named Hugh Connelly, four years his senior, a budding poet, ambitious, but poor.

Burgoyne candidly avowed that he cared not a rap for all the rhymes that ever were written, and understood the ethics of poetry as little as he understood the technique of the Old Masters ; but he had, during the past year, saved enough money out of his liberal allowance to pay for the first edition of "*A Tiara of Dewdrops*," as Hugh's thin little maiden volume of verse was delicately entitled.

Burgoyne believed in Hugh and therefore believed in his poetry. He did not think it possible for a man like Connelly, endowed with both sense and sentiment, to be mistaken in his gifts and acquirements. He even gave his friend the credit of rousing in himself some sense of the beauty of word-melody. For Hugh, fired with the enthusiasm of self-appreciation, rendered his poetic effusions with a spirit, a fervency, an exquisiteness of interpretation, that could not fail to awaken the duller imagination, — if that imagination had not been tempered by the discriminating judgment which is the fruit of years and culture. But the fruit of years and culture is not so sweet and luscious as the fruit of youth and inexperience, and Burgoyne came to the feast with an unpampered appetite, — an appetite which was only an instinct, as of hunger in the new-born.

He had brought home a copy of the work, and the first time he visited his mother in her private apartments he carried it with him and proudly presented it to her with his friend's compliments, calling her attention to a few things which he had delicately bracketed. "*The twinkling of fairies' star-shod feet*," he thought was particularly fine. Hugh had repeated that to him one night when they were out walking, with such pauses, and silences, and subtleties of meaning in his intonations, that it had seemed to Burgoyne as if the whole universe above and below were alive with dancing sprites.

"*The moonbeams glinting on the crusted snow*," was equally alluring to the fancy.

Both these lines occurred in a poem entitled, "To Cruel Lenore." The poet, after describing all the frozen beauties of a winter night, broke into the bitter apostrophe, "Thou art as beautifully fair—and as cold!"

Burgoyne knew nothing about the pangs of unrequited love, but his young soul approved mightily of this avalanche of scorn hurled at the Cruel One,—an avalanche, Hugh pointed out, rolled into one crushing phrase.

Considering that volumes of poetry were used chiefly as ornaments on center-tables, Burgoyne had been very particular with



"Making Ready to Cross the Coule."

the publisher about the quality of the paper, the kind of type, and the style of binding. He was pleased that his mother, in whose taste he had unbounded confidence, approved of all these features. There was a fountain of pure feeling underneath Madame La Scalla's cynical hardness, and into this fountain Burgoyne had unconsciously dropped a plummet. A humid softness overspread her eyes as she turned the thick creamy leaves, with their little oblong blocks of print and elegant wide margins.

"And you paid for this?" she asked.

Burgoyne replied with delicious simplicity. "I advanced the money, but Hugh insists upon calling it a loan; he will pay me back out of the first sales."

They were sitting side by side, his head inclined to her. She made no answer. The thought drifted through her mind as his bright steady gaze held hers, "That is the true La Scalla look. Maurice has it, and Evalina, and — Beatrice."

But it was a look which was liable to break up differently in the different individuals, if the confidence it implied were ever outraged. In Evalina's case it might melt to tears and pity; in her father's, change to disappointment and sorrowful rebuke; but with the other two it was more likely to flash into swift anger and measureless scorn.

Madame mused, "He is only sixteen. And what does one know about poetry — or anything! — at sixteen?"

She put her hand up to his cheek, dashed with rich color, and ran her fingers through his hair — every crisp glossy curl of which seemed to be charged with an electrical vitality of its own.

"You are growing into a man, my son," she said with the half-sad sigh of a mother who sees her fledglings developing the self-directing wings of maturity; "you will soon be shaving!"

For already the down was visible on his chin.

Burgoyne had not yet begun to notice the color of girls' eyes and hair, or to thrill at the touch of their hands. Sentiment was a thing almost unknown to him, and he had never given a moment's study to his own emotions. He was of an active temperament, which does not signify that he was restless or nervous, or impatient of hindrances to action. He had the true southern spirit of leisureliness; the faculty of waiting serenely for the turn of events, for the ebb or the flow of the tide. If it rained and he could not gallop over to St. Martinsville or go hunting with his dogs, as he had planned, he could content himself very well in his rooms, watching the downpour from a window, the sudden forming of little pools and rivulets, the scrambling of poultry for shelter, the weak submission of the dispirited cows. Or he could sort over his miscellaneous possessions; could tinker at his guns, or entertain himself with his violin, of which he was fond, though his persistent sawing was never productive of remarkable results. He enjoyed certain kinds of books, and he had two or three friends to whom he now and then wrote a letter if he had any definite thing to say. He did few things for the mere sake of doing them or to cheat himself with the notion that he was

industrious, or that he was discharging a duty. What he thought was worth doing he did as well as he could ; what was not worth doing he would not trouble himself to do at all.

The Vincents remained some two weeks longer. During that time Burgoyne saw very little of Beatrice — but not because of her imprisonment. She interested him somewhat as she interested his mother ; and he often sought for her where she was the most likely to be found.

But Beatrice was painstakingly shy of him. She shared in the general delight his presence inspired ; but the contemptuous looks his playful kindness toward her evoked from Mrs. Vincent and Helen filled her with a bitter rage and humiliation, and constrained her to keep well out of his way.

"Where is the Little Pigeon?" he would inquire, coming along the corridor and putting his head into the school-room.

But she was seldom to be found. Her ear, keenly alert as to his voice and movements, usually caught the sounds of his approach — since his steps were never cautious and he was often whistling or humming softly to himself ; and she vanished so adroitly that neither Evalina nor Miss Speedwell was aware of her flight or could tell whither she had gone. But notwithstanding, Burgoyne managed to establish a relation of *camaraderie* with her, based upon their mutual interest in the dogs,—a relation however in which there was always the unconscious condescension of master to slave on his part, and acquiescence on hers.

Beatrice had come gradually to realize that she was a slave,—as much a slave as the ebony creatures she daily saw bending their backs under the burning sun in the cotton fields, to which Mrs. Vincent would gladly have had her consigned.

Evalina had kindly and conscientiously made the fact clear to her ; and the Vincents had branded it upon her understanding whenever occasion offered. Mrs. Vincent was righteously persuaded that in very justice Beatrice should be taught to know her place ; and Helen was actuated by the natural desire to avenge the atrocious indignity which she herself had suffered.

Some of the colored people, also, with whom Beatrice was not allowed — and had no desire — to associate, missed few opportunities of reminding her that she was numbered with themselves.

A slow process was going on within the child, corresponding with this moral environment. It was a detaching and withdrawing of herself from the people about her, above and beneath. She occupied a middle ground, and gradually, unknowingly, she fortified her position in it. She had a subtle conviction, the heritage from her free white forefathers, that she was not wholly a slave. Her body belonged to her masters, and she rendered the willing service of her hands to those who had the right to require it. This she never questioned. But that which was peculiarly herself, that which we all recognize as the "I" in a human being, was under no man's control. Her reason played no part in this theory as yet; she simply acted upon it as the birds of the air, as the beasts of the forest, act upon their natural instincts.

She took a valiant stand for her rights as a Free Spirit.

One evening Burgoyne brought Fleet and Prospero round to the front of the house to exploit them before the family who were assembled in the gallery.

After he had exhausted their repertoire so far as he knew it, his mother made some reference to the feats Beatrice had taught them to perform.

"O, I guess I'll run up and have her come down," said he, and bounded up the stairs. He found her on the upper gallery, but to his amazement she refused to go down.

"What," said he, "you won't go? Well, we'll see, my little Miss." He took hold of her arm — not very gently, for a rebellious slave was a new thing in his experience. But she clung desperately to the railing.

Burgoyne frowned, commanded, coaxed, but nothing availed. He demanded a reason, but none was forthcoming. Beatrice could not tell him it was her dread of the Vincents' cruel derision. Madame La Scalla smiled when Burgoyne reported with much chagrin his unlooked-for fiasco. Mrs. Vincent laughed exasperatingly.

"Perhaps you could get her to come down, Eva?" Burgoyne suggested.

Evalina shook her head. "No, if Beatrice said she would not come, that ends it," she replied.

"She is a curious study, that child," remarked M. La Scalla. "She discriminates with wonderful intelligence and fairness between her duty as a suhvant and her rights as a person."



Mrs. Vincent sniffed. "Slaves were not 'persons' in my days," she retorted, "nor did they have 'rights'."

"Alas, no; the world moves!" said Madame.

"The child's discrimination seems to be finer than our own," said M. La Scalla. "She realizes that her power over these brutes, for instance, is something apart from her condition as a slave. And she has the same right to decline to exhibit this power at our request that these young ladies have to decline to play or sing for our entertainment—as they sometimes do."

He smiled indulgently upon the two girls, who exchanged glances in acknowledgment of his gentle rebuke.

"Papa, we don't often decline," protested Evalina.

"Well, no one denies that you have the right to, my dear," he replied.

"It will be interesting for you, Burgoyne," said Mrs. Vincent, "to make a study of these nice points, and learn just how far you may command your slaves and to what extent their peculiar rights will justify their disobedience."

"Fortunately, I have no jurisdiction over this little rebel," answered Burgoyne. "Truly," he added, "I can't help admiring the grit of her. You should have seen her eyes, they blazed like coals of fire when I took hold of her and tried to drag her away from the banister."

The following morning Beatrice saw M. and Mme. La Scalla and the Vincents ride away on horseback, and begged Evalina to let her run down stairs.

Burgoyne was in the back yard with the dogs. He had taken off their chains and was about to start to the woods with them. Seeing Beatrice, they bounded toward her in joyful recognition. Burgoyne knotted his brow in recollection of the scene of last night. But the touch of displeasure vanished as he stood looking at her and watching the dogs leap about her, licking her hands and kissing her face. There was nothing stubborn or rebellious in her appearance now.

"Would you like to show me what you can do with them—me, alone?" he asked.

She complied, not only willingly, but joyfully. Burgoyne was amazed at the wonderful things she had taught the animals, at the

ease with which she controlled them, and at their almost human intelligence in interpreting her pretty gestures and tones. They understood the soft modulations of her voice quite as well as they did Big Jake's explosive vociferations, or his own sharp commands.

When the performance was over, Burgoyne turned to her and said, half-playfully, half-authoritatively,—the playfulness to cover his retreat in case she refused, for his pride, which still smarted a little, had had a lesson in diplomacy,—“Now, little maid, I want you to tell me why you would not come down and give us this exhibition yesterday evening.”

She dropped her eyes to the ground and made no answer. He regarded her for a few seconds in silence, wondering how so inflexible a will could be enshrined in a thing so soft and round and fair.

“You are very stubborn,” he said.

The charge made no visible impression,—not the quiver of an eye-lash, nor slightest movement of the well-closed, rosy lips. He felt an impulse to take hold of her white shoulders and shake her great eyes open, that he might look down through their liquid depths and find out the secrets which she guarded with such invincible determination.

“You do everything your mistress tells you to, do you not?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Well, why won't you do what I tell you,—is it because you belong especially to Evalina and not to me?”

“No,” she said quickly.

“Why, then?”

“She don't tell me to do things I cyan't do.”

“Well, neither do I. You could have done what I asked you to do last night, easily enough.”

There was a flush like the tint of dawn on her face, but still she did not raise her eyes. A wave of admiration swept Burgoyne's breast. He had never seen anything so lovely, and again he wanted to take hold of her, to make her look up,—as one turns the face of a flower upward to drink its sweetness. But he folded his arms and stepped back a pace.

“Couldn't you?” he urged.

There was still no reply, and he turned on his heel, snapped his fingers at the dogs and strode away.

Beatrice buried herself in a nest of shrubbery and burst into tears. Burgoyne's authority, which seemed more positive even than Madame La Scalla's, had a quality which made obedience to it a delight. It was her soul's desire to please and obey him. But her soul held something stronger than this. It was a self-view, or a befitting self-respect. And self-respect is sometimes an expensive attribute, to be paid for with tears and sacrifices.

Before going into the house Beatrice pulled some blades of grass and went into the stable and fed them to Dauphine and stroked her sleek nose. Hitherto she had not paid much attention to Dauphine, but now she was interested in all the Young Master's possessions. Burgoyne's possessions seemed to take upon themselves a touch of his own personality. His coats and his caps, even his riding-whips and fishing tackle had a peculiar way of confessing his ownership.

Evalina sent Beatrice every morning to cut flowers for Burgoyne's mantel. To Evalina his rooms were only a boy's rooms, somewhat disorderly and queer, his things only a boy's things usually the worse for wear. But to Beatrice, going into these rooms with her offering of flowers, was almost like going into a hallowed place.

Sometimes Helen dropped in when Evalina was arranging the flowers, and Beatrice wondered at her irreverent handling of Burgoyne's books and knick-knacks, and her audacity in taking his precious violin out of its case and scraping some dreadful wails out of it, against Evalina's earnest remonstrances.

When the Vincents took their departure Beatrice was restored to full liberty, and again enjoyed her long rambles, her frolics with the dogs, and her visits to old Salome. And soon all thoughts of the unpleasant visitors left her mind.

Burgoyne was fond of rowing and sailing, and he often took Evalina and Beatrice with him when he went on the bayou. He seemed to forget, as did they all sometimes, that Beatrice was a slave. He taught her how to manage the rudder and handle the oars, and before the summer was over she could sail a boat almost as skillfully as himself. He also instructed her in horseback-riding

ing and in the use of fire-arms,—both of which accomplishments Evalina was too timid to undertake,—and she was always ready for spirited racing and contests of marksmanship, but could never be induced to point a gun at any living creature.

All this was to Burgoyne the play and pastime of an idle summer, and soon forgotten. To Beatrice it was an advance, the fulfillment of some past vague forecastings about the future; an outlook, a radiant promise of things to come.

[*To be continued.*]

### MURMURS OF THE NIGHT.

[The Original Poem awarded the Prize in THE MIDLAND'S April Competition.]

**D**ROWSILY the dozing willows nod above the rabid billows,  
And each whispering ripple pillows slumbering moonbeams on its breast.

Slave to some untamed emotion flows the tide to meet the ocean,  
While its waves in wild commotion lash themselves in vague unrest.

But the far stars, softly gleaming through the hushed night, seem but dreaming

Fragrant fancies ever streaming from some memory-haunted height;  
And the pale moon, slow descending, chants a requiem never ending—  
A weird dirge forever blending with the murmurs of the night.

O, the murmurs ever rising! Are they dead hopes tantalizing?  
Are they live hopes sympathizing with the tear-drops in our eyes?  
Are they songs of angels, drifting? Are they star-rays downward sifting?

Are they whispered prayers uplifting their petitions to the skies?

Are they wandering echoes ringing—echoes of some dead one's singing,

With the old-time gladness clinging to the moon's enamouring light?  
Are they sobs of lost ones, weeping? Are they sighs of moments creeping

To the hours gently sleeping on the bosom of the night?

Thus we ask the waters, gushing; thus we ask the night winds, rushing;

Thus we ask our own hearts, hushing in a half unconscious prayer,—  
But the dumb stars only quiver, and the moonbeams shake and shiver  
As they fall into the river, and in silence tremble there!

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

*Edgar Welton Cooley.*



"LIZ'."

BY JANET BUCHANAN.



LIZ' came around the corner of the "Mud-way-aush-ka." The blonde little woman, whose pose and garments were eloquent of that hazy world beyond the gray ruffle of Lake Michigan,—that other wonder-world outside the pines,—stopped the lazy sway of the hammock with the shining point of her narrow boot, and murmured, "m—!" The other woman, the one swinging back and forth in the splint rocking-chair, brought her broad flat feet downward with a spat upon the clean white boards; and lifting her eyes from the drawn-work in her ample lap, squinted through her round spectacles in the direction her companion was gazing and, puckering her forehead, originated a remark. She said, "Well!"

Liz' approached the two women who were seated in the deep shade near the Lake, and as she came forward she smiled genially, glancing from one to the other, but evidently addressing the fat landlady.

"Blueb'ries?" she inquired in a musical contralto, giving the basket on her right shoulder a little lurch and twirling rapidly the red silk umbrella which poised in conscious pride above her glistening bare head.

[The Story awarded the Prize in the MIDLAND MONTHLY'S April Amateur Story Competition.]

"Well, well," repeated the elder woman, "is that you, Liz'? I swan to gracious! I didn't know you from a side o' sole-leather. For the land sakes, how you have growed! Well, well, the first thing we know, time passes! 'When d'you get back?'"

"Yes'day," said Liz', showing her even white teeth in a friendly smile.

"Only yesterday? Well, well, well! And did grandma come back?"

Liz' nodded; then, grasping her parasol firmly, said with confidential seriousness, "My gran'mere didn't like up river. Marie 'Toinette she all the time jaw so much."

"What, jawed old Squaw Silly? Jawed her own maw? Well, well, that's what comes o' having young uns."

"O, no, no!" And Liz' laughed aloud at the landlady's stupid notion. "Marie 'Toinette never jaw my gran'mere. No, *you* bet."

The idea of Marie or any one else venturing to "jaw" her grandmother struck Liz' as something irresistibly comic, and she pressed the crook of the parasol against her lips to indulge in a prolonged chuckle. Having vented her mirth, she went on. "But she all the time jaw the kids,—and Poly. Jaw, jaw, jaw. Jaw the dogs, and jaw Unite' State'. Jaw me, too, sometime; but I don't care, *you* bet."

The landlady glanced deprecatingly at the hammock, but seeing the enshrined Personage smiling, was reassured.

"And how many children be there now?"

"'Leven!" said Liz', promptly, shifting the handle of the parasol to the pit of her left arm and twiddling with her brown fingers, "'leven. An' Poly, that's Marie 'Toinette's man, he all the time get so much drunk in summer. In winter Poly, oh, he ver' good man. He get full in winter only two t'ree time. He all the time stay in camp. He go to the ranch or he get full in winter, the boss he fire him prit' quick, *you* bet, an' Poly he no' like that. He like better camp in winter. In camp he all time get so much to eat. Plum-duff an' salt-horse an' dough-twisters an' raisin pie an' slap-jacks an' beef-stik an' plenty bacon an' bully coffee, an' play the fiddle an' all the time laugh. O, Poly slick in winter. But in summer drunk, drunk, drunk; jaw, jaw, jaw;

bang the kids; sleep, sleep, sleep, *hiu!*" Liz' with a pretty grimace shot her parasol bolt upright and finished calmly, "in summer Poly dam' dirty pig!"

"Lizette!" said the landlady, jumping as though a fire-cracker had exploded under her rocking-chair, "you mustn't go on like that. This lady is Mrs. Joshua Rivers Grey. She'll think you hain't got no manners. Besides, its wicked."

"O bother, let her talk," said flippan't Mrs. Grey.

Liz', who had stuck her finger in her mouth at the elder woman's rebuke, sped a wondering look at the great lady. The two representatives of grappling races gazed questioningly each into the sphinx eyes of the other, then smiled with the free-masonry of youth. The landlady, greatly relieved that the President's wife did not instantly arise and denounce her for holding commerce with this depraved young half-breed, tacked with the wind and put in an apology.

"She's just a young thing and don't mean no harm in the world." Encouraged by Mrs. Grey, she good-naturedly went on to make talk.

"Well, and seein' you're so growed up, I s'pose you're married, yourself?"

"Me? Oh no, no, no, no!" cried Liz', twirling her parasol furiously and laughing loudly.

"What," said the landlady, winking jocularly at Mrs. Grey, "not married? A good-looking girl like you? How's that?"

"That' what Unite' State' all the time say,—'Liz', why you not marry? Liz', now you please marry.' An' my gran'mere she say, 'You no more a fawn; you no more a chil'; now you marry.' An' the pries' say yest'day, 'Liz-ette, you mus' mar-ry!' An' now Madam, Mis' Kis'l, say, 'Kaw! You not mar-ried?' Eh, bah! So now—I marry me, I guess."

"An' who be you going to marry?"

"Unite' State'. Who else?"

"What on earth does she mean?" cried little Mrs. Grey, bringing the hammock to a sudden halt at this extraordinary announcement.

"Oh," chuckled the landlady, "she means a young buck, sort o' kin o' her'n."



"But United States—?"

"Oh, that's his nick-name. His real name 's U. S. Grant, so folks mostly calls him United States, for short. Named for the gen'ral, likely. Most Injuns is named for folks. When they do have names o' their own they're that onchristian that a body can't hardly get 'em out, to say nothin' o' rememb'rin' 'em. Now this feller's name 's just the same as the hotel—only Injun name I ever could twist my tongue to—Mud-way-aush-ka; now there's heathenishness for you. It means — m —."

"Sound-of-waves-on-the-shore," murmured Liz'.

"Huh? Water-a-poundin'-on-the-sand, yes, or something simular. Now hain't that a curious name for a body to have? Howsomever, nobody much calls him that, only old Squaw Silly. She's sort o' kin o' his, too."

"Fancy!" said little Mrs. Grey. "And have you one of these Minnehaha names?"

Lizette's face lit up with an instant comprehension.

"Watooska, my gran'mere call me."

"What does that mean?"

"White-Lily-with-the-Heart-of-Sunshine."

"Charming! Charming!" cried the lady from Chicago, clapping her jeweled hands. "And tell me," touching the fawn-skin robe, "do all the squaws here wear these pretty things? I thought they'd gone out ages ago, and that now-a-days all Indians talk pure English and use paper patterns—except when on exhibition."

"Well, I should smile, they don't spread themselves like Liz'," interposed Mrs. Kistle. "Rubber boots, and lumbermen's pants and a calico petticoat—that's the rig. Oh, Liz' is a way high up muck-a-muck. Her grandma—there hain't no white about her grandma. My goodness, the Injuns just think everything of old Squaw Silly. She was something big—what was it she did?"

"My gran'mere sat in the great council lodge," said Liz', proudly.

"And so she keeps you dressed like one of Mrs. Catherwood's Indian Princesses," said Mrs. Grey. "And did she buy you the red parasol and the gold ear-rings?"

"Yes, Madam Mis' Grey," lied the half-breed.



Lizette, who had lent herself to this interlude with a show of polite interest, coming now upon a pause, relapsed into her business self.

"Blueb'ries?" she repeated in her professional voice.

"Why, seems to me," said Mrs. Kistle, likewise changing her pitch from jocularly to business, "it's rather early for blueberries. Be n't they mostly green? Green ones does for jell, but I ain't calc'lating to put up much jell just now."

*"Liz came around the corner."*

"Green? Oh no, Madam," Liz' assured her, as with a graceful movement she bent over the wicker basket, which she had some time before placed at the landlady's sprawling feet. Dropping on one knee, she scooped up a handful of the fragrant berries and, holding them high, permitted them to drip, in a thin black stream, from the funnel of her fist. "Sweet, bet your boots. I pick one basket for the pries'."

Mrs. Grey, tipping forward the hammock, peered aimlessly into the basket.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed, with exaggerated emphasis. It was pretty. Fronded ferns edged the basket, and upon the velvet bed of purple berries lay a bunch of delicate pinkish blossoms. "Why," she continued, "you are quite an artist!"

The crouching half-breed glanced at her. She had not the faintest notion what was meant by "an artist," but she understood perfectly that the President's lady was praising her, and, again sticking her finger in her red mouth, she blushed.

"Why, yes," said the landlady, who was munching, "they *do* seem sort o' sweet. How much do you want for 'em?"

"One dol'," said Liz', promptly.

"Get out! That's too steep. Why, they hain't worth a quarter!"

Liz', who had risen, indulged in her little Frenchy shrug, and, spinning her parasol with both hands till it whirled like a frightened partridge, looked angelically upward into the red silken canopy.

"The firs'—Madam knows—the firs' is always the more—the dearer—not, Madam?" When Liz' scented a bargain her English became very bad; it was one of her little tricks. "The pries'," she went on, lying sweetly, "give two dol', not *so* big basket," measuring an infinitesimal receptacle on the white stick of the parasol; "but if Madam mus'," dropping the umbrella into the crook of her elbow, and intoning mournfully, "Madam may buy for seventy-fi' cent'."

"Now, Liz', you know that's perfectly scandalous. If you don't want to sell your berries, what d' you bring 'em fur? I'll give you thirty, an' the land knows it's too much. Thirty or clear out—"

"Oh, *do* give her seventy-five cents," broke in Mrs. Grey. "It must have been a frightful bore to pick all those wee, little berries off the trees,—and besides, when one is offered a woodland poem in purple by a veritable royal princess—really, you know Mrs. Kistle, it's quite too bad. Do give her her miserable pittance!"

"They don't grow on trees. They grow in sand-cutties," said literal Mrs. Kistle.

"Or wait!" rattled on Mrs. Grey; "why should you pay anything for them? There's really no one here to eat them but you and me, as yet—and the servants, of course. That is, none of *our* people—they may not be here for a week. And why should you pay for my berries? Really it's too absurd. Go in,

child, go in and tell the clerk to pay you just what that priest of yours did. Tell him Mrs. Grey sent you. Now don't say a word—don't spoil my little pleasure—really you mustn't, you know, Mrs. Kistle."

For the landlady was vigorously protesting against this infringement of her prerogative, declaring it was "scandalous, nothing short o' scandalous, to encourage that young un in her lies—and besides, 't wa'n't no way right."

Nevertheless, Liz', who had listened to the controversy with a fine air of impartiality, picked up her basket and proceeded toward the back premises. But her gait expressed reluctance; her receding red parasol rotated slowly. When she reached the corner she halted; so did the parasol. She hesitated, set down her basket, then turning, ran with a graceful lope back to the two women, who regarded her with wondering looks. Her parasol was spinning like a windmill on a high day; a deep flush encased her dusky cheeks, and in her outstretched hand was the bunch of pink and white blossoms. With a movement, as graceful as it was unexpected, she showered the flowers into the hammock.

"These," said she, "to thank the prit' lady."

Then, without awaiting a reply, she bounded back and in a twinkling disappeared.

The flinging of the flowers was the first ecstatic offering of a young devotee. From that moment Liz' figuratively prostrated herself day and night before the shrine of her goddess, and she literally lay in constant wait to companion Mrs. Grey in all her walks through the pines, or paddlings along the shore. The smoky bark lodge, which was her home, saw her but seldom through fragrant July and golden August.

Old Squaw Silly was well pleased at the brisk demand for sweet-grass mats and bead trinkets which Lizette's distinguished patron created; there was more profit in these than in berries, and as for Lizette's long absences, Squaw Silly never grumbled so long as the girl brought home silver in her pouch. Savage pride of ancestry did not at all conflict with a very civilized taste for lucre.

Mud-way-aush-ka, a tall young buck, who would have been a superbly commanding presence in the eagle feathers and war-paint of his ancestors, but who, in German socks, lumberman woolens

and Derby hat, was only a sulky-looking young Blackfoot, might not have fancied (seeing that he was a jealous dog) his sweetheart's absorption in a third party, even though that third party were only a yellow-haired woman. Mud-way-aush-ka, however, was still up in the woods, and Liz' revelled in her infatuation.

But one night in August, just as the stately harvest moon appeared above the horizon, suddenly ensilvering the quiet bosom of the broad lake with a weird beauty, Mud-way-aush-ka appeared before the dark, leaf-bowered lodge, and found old Squaw Silly crouching beneath the rude portico, close-wrapped in a blanket, asleep and alone.

The old squaw was not wholly pleased to greet her young relative. She feared that he would interfere with the silver stream now trickling into her pocket. So when he questioned her of Watooska she answered evasively. This set spark to his jealousy.

In truth, Liz' was away on a strange errand, which Squaw Silly could scarcely have explained if she would.

Mrs. Grey and her young guests from "the other man's town" beyond the water were to give, on the next night, an entertainment in the Hotel Mud-way-aush-ka, which was to include certain tableaux; among them, one picture, after a well-known composition, of "Antony and Cleopatra Floating Down the Nile." A lack of striking brunettes among her guests had suggested to Mrs. Grey the brilliant idea of utilizing her magnificent half-breed adorer for the voluptuous queen.

Liz' was at a rehearsal of this tableau when Mud-way-aush-ka appeared unexpectedly at the lodge.

The next evening Mrs. Grey, though immersed in her duties as hostess and stage-manager, had time to note, while draping Cleopatra, that the half-breed was unusually silent.

"Unite' State' he come back las' night," she said in response to Mrs. Grey's questions.

"Well, you don't seem pleased."

"Unite' Sta-ate' he talk bad to me," she said, with a heavy frown. "He make me ma-ad!"

"What, a quarrel already? Oh, Watooska!"

"Unite' State' he much bad man. He say, 'Now you tell me. Tell me! I kil-l him!' I say, 'No. I no' tell you nothin'. I

ha-ate you. You make me mad ! He think I like me a man ! Bah ! I no' tell him nothin'."

"He must be a perfect monster. Why take him up?"

"Eh?"

"Why have anything to do with him? Why not throw him over? Why marry him at all?"

"Ehé," with a simple air of explaining, "but I mus' *mar-ry*. Gran'mere say *mar-ry*, an' the pries' say *mar-ry*."

"But why not marry some one else?"

"Who else?"

"How should I know? Some one—any one. Surely any number of—er—men must want to marry a pretty girl like you."

"Oh, no. Unite' State' he no' let other men *mar-ry* me."

"But do you want to marry him?"

"Unite' Sta-ate'?"

But 'why not?' Then she added, as though struck by a sudden suspicion, "Madam, Mis' Grey, she no' want me to marry Unite' State'? No? Then I no' *mar-ry* him."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, marry him, marry him!" cried Mrs. Grey.

Straight as the hound follows the scent of the unwary deer, so



\* JANET BUCHANAN.

\* Janet Buchanan, author of the prize story, "Liz'." was born in Ontario. She is of Scotch parentage, and she has resided in Iowa since 1870; is a graduate of the Iowa State Normal School, and of the Boston School of Oratory. Her family are newspaper people, and she was reared in a journalistic atmosphere. She spent the summer of '87 in the northern peninsula of Michigan, where the half-breed, "Liz'," and her like, abound.

did the young Blackfoot, all unseen, follow his sweetheart to the hotel that night. He knew that she lied to him; he knew she had not gone to the priest.

Outside the brightly lighted building, in the deep shadow of a receding angle, flattened between a rain-water barrel and the clapboards, he stood for hours, motionless. At that place there was a narrow rift in the shutter; through the rift sifted a yellow light; through the rift he directed his eager gaze.

Patiently he waited. The strange scene within wakened not even wonder in his breast. With savage instinct he held his place. And at last he saw her — her, and the man.

And then he went away.

It was in a little wood at the end of the tram-ways that he awaited her. Through the little wood gurgled a brook. The brook was crossed, in the direction of Squaw Silly's lodge, by a single pine trunk. How often, when together, had their moccasined feet lightly and safely crossed it!

He waited. And as he waited he fingered the sharp deer-skinning knife sheathed in his leathern belt.

By and by she appeared on the thither side of the whispering brook. Lightly she bounded across the bridging trunk. The silvery moonlight painted her with a weird, new beauty. The outlandish trappings of her shame were gone. She came toward him, saucy, sweet, familiar, yet strange and hateful. The black braided hair, the glinting beads on head and neck, the jaunty 'broidered jacket, the little white moccasins, the red parasol, folded and demurely nursed in the crook of her arm, the crimson lips, the glisten of white teeth, (she was singing,) all, all dearly familiar, all madly loved, filled his arteries with a revengeful hate.

When her foot left the tree-trunk, Mud-way-aush-ka stepped from the clean-cut ebon shade into the brilliant white moonlight. Lizette stopped short. A moment she hesitated, then opened her lips for mocking speech. But the words died in her mouth; there was something so strange, so terrible, so menacing in his glittering eye.

"Hast forgotten, Watooska," he said, dropping without thought into the Indian tongue they now scarcely ever used, "how our people punish traitors?"



Watooska ! Ah yes, he was moved indeed when he spoke that seldom-uttered name. She cast about for words, but could find none.



" And then he saw her."

"I will tell thee, Watooska," he went on in a terrible voice. "There is stoning and burning and cutting and torture. Thy head shall be shorn. Thy false face shall be scarred. Thy mutilated breasts shall never suckle children. Thou shalt be spit upon by the women of our tribe — wanton !"

"Wanton !" she cried.

"Wanton ! wanton ! What, wouldst thou deny ? Did I not see thee dally in open shame before a hundred grinning pale-faces ? Nay, shrink not. Thou art not to die ! One may not so easily escape who betrays Mud-way-aush-ka. But he — thou, *thou* shalt help me put the knife into his breast. Where is he ? Tell me, where is he ? I — I will eat his heart ! Did he not follow thee into the wood ?"

When Lizette saw his error she burst into a laugh.

"Seek him ! Find him !" she cried derisively. "And when though findest him, tell him that I love him better than ever I loved thee, thou evil Satan ! Tell him I adore him. I worship him. Tell him I kiss his little finger — I kiss the sole of his foot — I —"

"Hell !" he cried, and sprang at her.

When she felt his supple fingers against her throat, quick as a flash she raised her parasol, and, with all the force of her two arms, brought it down upon his head. The blow was broken by the battered Derby, which, knocked sideward, bounded off. But the parasol grazed his cheek, and struck his shoulder with sufficient force to snap short the handle of the frail weapon, and leave only the crook in her clasp.

"Now, now," he whispered, his hot lips close to her cheek, "I kill thee, now !"

Both sinewy, brown hands tightened on her throat in a cruel grip, and he shook her as a terrier shakes his victim.

Instinctively, to save herself from these violent oscillations, she threw her arms about his waist, and her fingers closed upon the horn handle of his deer-skinning knife. She grasped it, as a falling man grasps at a twig, a wire, a spider's thread.

She was dizzy, blinded, suffocating, but she clenched the knife in both hands, and desperately drove herself against his breast. The keen blade sank to the heart. He uttered one shrill yell ; then his convulsed fingers contracted about her throat in a death grip and they sank to the earth in a terrible embrace.

When they were found, Watooska lay by her lover's side, her head resting upon the stained and broken parasol, and at first it was thought they were sleeping.

## ALONE.

**T**his is the blessed chamber where  
 She used to be  
 Who made each hour of worldly care  
 So glad to me  
 Or near or far, while this one spot  
 Her presence blest;  
 Fear or defeat I knew them not,  
 But all was best

**S**o light the armor yet so strong,  
 Her fingers knit,  
 I rode triumphant over wrong  
 Because of it.  
 Stripped, scourged, unhelped to onward fare  
 God pity me!  
 Alone within the chamber where  
 She used to be

Charles Eugene Banks



## THE INVASION OF IOWA.

TWO RADICALLY DIFFERING VIEWS OF THE SO-CALLED INDUSTRIAL  
ARMY—BY JUDGE HUBBARD AND GENERAL WEAVER.

### KELLY'S TRAMPS.

BY N. M. HUBBARD.



NEW phase of our civilization has reached us. There are probably fifteen or twenty thousand men who have taken to the road in organized bands, and all headed for Washington. The pretense is that they are going to present a living petition to Congress for the purpose of obtaining employment for the unemployed.

They are not only men of less than ordinary intelligence, but their mission is futile and foolish. From the class of men who are their leaders and sympathizers, they will probably ask Congress to issue fiat money to build irrigating ditches and good roads. We are represented in Congress by men elected by the people to the lower house, and by the legislators of the several states to the senate. We are supposed to have given them their instructions, and they are advised from time to time by their constituents what laws are needed.

Taking in hand Kelly and his tramps, we find they have appointed themselves a committee to tell Congress what to do, and they propose to go down to Washington by free transportation and free food as the representatives of the sixty-five million of people of this country. By the laws of every state in the Union they are vagrants. They are without employment, and without visible means of support.

They entered Iowa nearly three weeks ago, and are traversing the state by quartering upon the people for support in time of peace. The whole proceeding is unlawful and without precedent. For some unknown reason the laboring people sympathize with them to such an extent that there has not been any public utterance by any public officer of this state to the effect that their mission is futile and foolish, and that their method of performing this mission is unlawful.

The people of Council Bluffs and Des Moines became almost frantic in their efforts to induce the railroad companies to haul Kelly and his tramps free. They seem to have forgotten entirely that if the railways should haul these men free there would be thirty to forty thousand men of the same class on the hands of the railways and the people within the next thirty days; and if the railways should haul these men eastward free, there is no reason why they should not haul them westward again, free; and if the railways are to haul confessed paupers and vagrants free, why should the good people of Iowa pay any fare? Each community that Kelly and his tramps have struck have fed and feasted them, apparently out of sheer fear and a desire to get rid of them. The farmers along their route from Council Bluffs to Des Moines left their seeding and hauled these vagrants in wagons, not because they thought their mission was wise, but because fifteen hundred men in a body organized into military companies, but without arms, constitutes compulsion.

If a single tramp asks for food, a farmer may deny him or ask him to go to work and earn his food; but when fifteen hundred present themselves, demanding subsistence and transportation, he has nothing to do but comply.

Not a single public officer of this state has even so much as politely requested Kelly and his tramps to disband and go to work. Every community that feeds these men in some sense approves their mission, and compels the next community to do likewise.

There are in round numbers about twenty million laboring people in the United States — the balance being children, women and old persons, not in active employment. Of these, nine million are farmers and farm hands; three million are engaged in manufacturing; one million in the transportation service, and about one million in mining. The remaining six million are merchants, middlemen, professional men and teachers. The labor organizations are mainly confined to manufacturers, miners and transportation men. It will be seen from this statement that the time must come when people who own property will find it necessary to stand together to prevent the federation of labor from fixing their wages at such a sum as will give them more than their fair share of the productive wealth of the country.

It is these labor organizations that are sympathizing and urging forward these senseless Coxey movements on Washington. The partisan press and the politicians who always have a weather eye for votes are as dumb as an oyster in, asserting the right of the people of Iowa to be freed from transporting and feeding these tramps.

The press of Des Moines has even advised the Governor of the State to seize railway trains to transport these tramps out of Iowa. Has the Governor any greater right to seize a train than he has to seize the presses and machinery that print such papers?

Verily the millennium is not far away when General Weaver and the Iowa State Register blow out the gas and go to bed together! Every good citizen must finally condemn these Coxey movements, including Kelly's contingent of tramps. It may be some time, however, before those who want votes will confess it. The first community in Iowa that has the courage to refuse to feed these tramps, and advise them to disband and go to work, will earn the lasting gratitude of the American people.

This new form of Anarchy cannot be too soon rebuked and throttled.

---

### THE COMMONWEAL CRUSADE.

BY JAMES B. WEAVER.

Iowa has seen one column of the Commonweal Army and felt its weight. The men have committed no breaches of the peace within our borders, but we have been impelled to consider the unwelcome situation whether we would or not.

The marching of large bodies of organized unemployed, homeless men is an unprecedented spectacle in the United States. It is a startling travesty on free institutions and reflects the shameful departure we have made from the safeguards of the Constitution and the plain paths of the fathers. If these armies represented nobody but the men who are marching with them, there would be nothing significant about the movement, and society, in a healthy state, would absorb the phenomenon in a single fortnight. But the alarming fact is that these bodies now moving upon Washington represent a vast multitude of the unemployed, numbering many millions, who have not yet been mobilized. It is, therefore, a

representative movement. It is backed by the active sympathy of millions of hungry, poverty-stricken people; and it is encouraged by millions more who are working at starvation wages, painfully conscious that they are hurrying on toward old age harrassed and pinched by want and confronted with the certainty of a pauper's grave. The fires of desperation are fast burning toward the surface in the bosom of every one of these sufferers.

These armies are destined to add a chapter of thrilling interest to the history of the nineteenth century. They afford us a vivid forecast of the great conflicts and reforms which are to make the closing years of the nineteenth and the early years of the twentieth centuries the most important epoch which has ever dawned upon Christian civilization.

The American and French revolutions were the great events of the eighteenth century, and the lasting achievements of those mighty struggles are embodied in the declarations of human rights which were given to the world amid the thunders of those tremendous conflicts. Humanity will never abandon those lofty utterances. On the contrary, the world will vitalize and cherish them more and more until they are made living realities among men.

#### HOW SHALL WE CLASSIFY THESE CRUSADERS?

They are members of the human family. A few years ago they were all bright little babes held in the loving arms of their hopeful mothers. They are in manhood now, and in their personnel they are average American citizens and reflect exactly the mould in which the cruelties of society have fashioned them. They are sensitive to both pleasure and pain. They are conscious of hunger, heat and cold in common with all other people. It is strange that this must be told.

#### CAUSE OF THE UPRISING.

It cannot be denied that we have made merchandise of the inalienable rights of man. This is the prime cause and origin of the whole difficulty in a nutshell. Providence opens wide the door of natural opportunity to all alike. The strong have closed it and plunged the weak into conditions of servitude from which there seems to be no escape. The poor African slave found a welcome in Canada where neither master nor bloodhound could molest him.



But the wage-slave of to-day can not look to the North Star to guide him to freedom. All the nations of the earth have federated to cut off his retreat and to hold him to his hopeless task. The few own the earth and dictate the terms upon which the multitude may live upon it. This is slavery pure and simple. This same few dominate our commerce and all of our great enterprises. The multitude must do their bidding. Such monstrous conditions can not last another decade without serious commotion. In fact, the commotion is already setting in with great violence. The divine spark which lingers in every man's breast and all the glorious elements of human nature force the great suffering mass into open revolt against such unnatural conditions.

IT IS AN UNSELFISH REVOLT.

The appeal of these armies is not selfish. It is a protest against wrongs which have become quite universal and intolerable, and the safety of society at large depends upon speedy and proper adjustment. The armies declare for the commonweal. They represent the vast excluded multitude. They can not till the earth in their own right, for they have been fenced out by land monopoly. They can not pass rapidly to and from the seat of government to present their grievances, for they are excluded from the great highways by their poverty. Corporate greed holds them at bay there. Even the box-car, provided for the transportation of swine, has become a luxury which is entirely beyond their reach. They are denied the right to labor. Employment cannot be found. The labor-saving machine, which requires neither food nor rest, has taken their places. Their written petitions are spurned with derision, and when they attempt to march in person to present their grievances they are pursued by the wolf of hunger and beset with armed militia and the policeman's club. They are hedged in on every hand and consumed by piecemeal. The writer once saw a footsore ox that had been turned out upon the plains to die because his feet had failed him. When night came on the wolves fed upon him and tore from his living, quivering body great pieces of bleeding flesh. The poor animal was still standing when we found him. He turned his big brown eyes upon us in distressing petition for relief. We granted the mute request in the only possible way, for

he had been lacerated beyond the possibility of recovery. We were forced to kill him and leave the carcass to the wolves. What will our Christian civilization do with the great mass of our poor who are daily fed upon by the insatiate and unconscionable, and yet controlling forces of modern society?

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

They want relief — in all of its degrees — temporary, adequate and permanent — for themselves, for all men and for all time. This is the only answer they can be expected to give. They may be ignorant of specific remedies, but they are not ignorant of their sufferings. The physician should never ask the sick man what he wants. This is reversing the natural order. The sick can only cry out for relief. It is the duty of the doctor to prescribe the remedy. This cry of "What do they want?" is insincere and hypocritical. Every student of our times knows what they want. They want labor, independence, homes, and the ready money which these indispensable factors will bring. Society, through state and national government, is abundantly able to quickly solve the whole vexed problem. If we hesitate, we will pay the penalty at a very early day. The forces are in motion and will wait for no man.

WHERE WILL THIS CIVIC REVOLUTION MANIFEST ITSELF?

We answer, it is burning in upon the minds of all who will think — the three great questions of modern times, land, money and transportation. To use one of Thomas Carlyle's similitudes, these are the chimneys through which the fires of this civic revolution will break forth. They are smoking violently now. No one can be deceived if he will but open his eyes. This trinity of questions is full of the deepest concern to this Republic, and indeed to all mankind.

WILL THE ARMIES GET TO WASHINGTON?

The advance guard is already there, and the others reach there daily through the press. Their cries are carried upon the swift wings of lightning, and the daily newspaper thrusts them into every home, upon the tables of every counting-house, and upon the desk of every member of Congress. It matters but little whether they reach Washington or whether they disband. They

have aroused the attention of the people, and the people are the government. The remedy must come from the people through the ballot-box.

#### HOW WILL IT END?

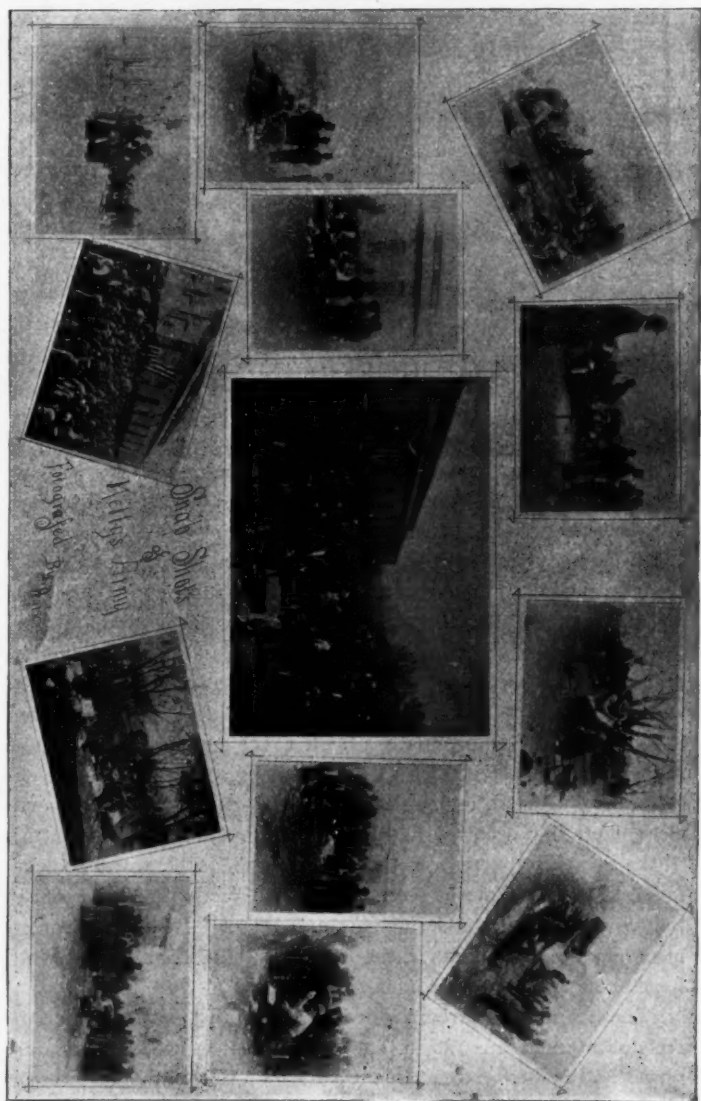
This depends upon how the disease is treated. Relief will come in one of two ways—possibly in both. The movement should expend its force at the ballot-box, and all good men and women should at once unite to hold it to this solution. If it is met with kindness instead of repression, the task will be an easy one. But it may also manifest itself in scenes of violent disorder. It has already taken on the latter phase in some localities. This is greatly to be deplored. If Congress and state legislatures will at once come forward with conservative, remedial legislation, the whole matter can be healed in short order. If we thrust it aside it must be at our own peril, for the situation will not await our convenience.

#### VOICES OF MORNING.

Far in the dewy east a purple line;  
 Above, a golden gleam is growing clear;  
 While faint and silver-pale the planets shine,  
 The voices of the morning hours I hear.  
 A throbbing chant at first awakens me,  
 Monotonous, but full and grand and deep,  
 As if the silent waves of prairie sea  
 Talked of the far-off ocean in their sleep.  
 And through the prairie-fowls' unchanging bars,  
 The cry of wild-geese, flying to the north,  
 A ghost of sound, wide wandering through space,  
 Where high they lead their winged armies forth.  
 Now chirps and twitters chase the flying dark,  
 And soon the chorus rises full and strong,—  
 The thrilling sweetness of the meadow-lark,  
 The thrush's rich and ever-varying song,  
 The hearty call from robin's honest throat,  
 The bobolink's mild, jubilant acclaim,  
 The oriole's triumphant bugle-note,  
 The scarlet-tanager, a singing flame!  
 Higher and higher floods the morning gold,  
 Hush, one by one, the winged songsters bright,  
 Till all their minstrel music manifold  
 Is silenced—drowned and swept away in light!

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

*Samantha Whipple Shoup.*





## THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA.

BY HENRY WALLACE.

SINCE the announcement of the annual congress of the Scotch-Irish Society of America in Des Moines, June 7-10, 1894, the question has been frequently asked, "Who are the Scotch-Irish?" It will be my endeavor to answer this question as briefly and concisely as possible. The word itself needs definition. It does not mean a mixture of Scotch and Irish blood, or, in other words, a cross between the native of Scotland and of Ireland. Stated in the briefest form, the Scotch-Irishman is a descendant of the Scotch who settled in Ireland, or, in short, the Scotch of Ireland. The Scotch-Irish race is essentially a Scotch race modified by the environment of the province of Ulster, consisting of the nine northern counties of Ireland, and especially by the political and religious movements that occurred in that country from 1607, the beginning of the Scotch-settlement, to the present time. The word Scotch-Irish, it will therefore be seen, is used in exactly the same sense that we use the term "German-American," or "Irish-American," meaning the descendants of the German or the Irish people who have made America their home.

The events and circumstances of the time kept the Scotch in Ireland an unmixed, and in time made them, to use a stockman's phrase, a line-bred race. In the year 1609, under the auspices of King James, the movement of the lowland Scotch to the province of Ulster began. The fortunes of war had brought the province

of Ulster, one of the four petty kingdoms of Ireland, under the control of the English government. The country was comparatively a wilderness. King James resolved to settle it with a population of Scotch people of the best class from the lowlands, or what he termed the "inward parts of the island," and this settlement has been called ever since the plantation of Ulster. Under the circumstances there could be no intermingling of the races. The Scot who moved to Ireland was a Presbyterian of the most pronounced type — of the type of John Knox and the men who fought at Marston Moor and Bothwell Brig. He denied the divine right of kings; maintained the supremacy of conscience and, even in those early days, held that all power rests ultimately with the people. He came to the plantation of the province of Ulster under the patronage of royalty and settled on lands from which the natives had been driven by the force of arms, and hence was regarded as a robber. The conquered race differed from him in religion, and it should be stated to their credit that they were no doubt as sincere in their convictions as the Scot was in his. During the first century of the settlement there was more or less political unrest and, it may be added, religious persecution, and both Scot and Celt had good reason to complain of the perfidy of England and the resolution of her statesmen to pit one against the other, thus engendering a racial feud intensified by the difference in religious convictions that continues to this day with more or less intensity, and is in fact the most serious difficulty in the way of the solution of the modern Irish problem.

It is not difficult to see that under these circumstances a type of character would be developed and intensified by marriage within the lines of blood and religious faith for generations, and that thus the Scotch-Irishman should differ in marked features of character, both from the Scot from whom he sprung and the Irishman with whom he dwelt. Migration in itself leads eventually to a change in type. The children of the New Englander who has moved west show a perceptible variation, not merely in manners but in character, from their cousins who were born and bred on the old homestead, just as the environment of New England has changed the Puritan of the old English type to the modern New Englander. The clannishness of the Scot was broken down after he moved to

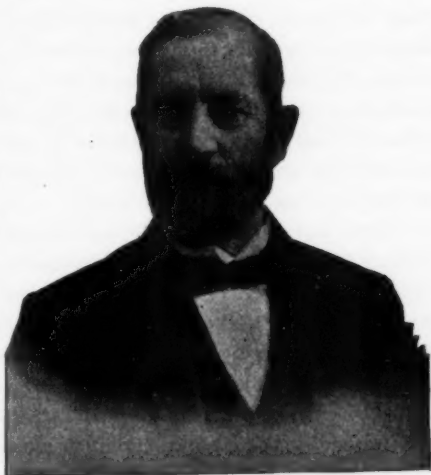
Ireland, giving the Ulsterman (which is the synonym in the old country for Scotch-Irish) broader views of life and binding him closer to men of his own faith and blood. He was forced into closer friendship with his own, and the more so in times of religious persecution, which frequently occurred, and when it became necessary to maintain his rights against the crown, — which was all the time. Every class of emigrants is modified more or less in character in the course of two or three generations by the natives of the country to which they migrate, and in due time the native had a powerful and beneficial influence on the Scot in Ireland. The Scot was compelled to live in close proximity with the conquered race and to learn to get along with it, notwithstanding his prejudices and enmities, in the best way possible. He could not associate with his witty, shrewd and adroit neighbors, even in the way of business, without catching something of their spirit. The most intense convictions of the correctness of his own belief could not prevent him from seeing that there were two sides to the religious as well as the political beliefs that divided them, and hence the Ulsterman became broader in his views, in time more charitable in his judgment, and always better able to adapt himself to circumstances.

The lot of the Scot in Ulster was, however, not a happy one. He was oppressed by the twelve great companies or guilds of London in whom the titles to a portion of the lands were vested and was dealt with by other landlords in much the same spirit. As he improved his land by thorough drainage, gathered the stones and built them into fences, constructed his houses and macadamized the roads, he found his rents raised with every expiring lease until in time he became simply a day-laborer on lands which he alone had rendered valuable. He was regarded as an inferior by the Englishman and a foe by the Irishman, and persecuted by both when they had opportunity, which he no doubt returned in kind when he could. He had no vote; the baptism of his children was at times made a laughing stock; the legality of his marriage by a minister of his own faith was sometimes officially denied; and, at times, he was even denied the right of burial in the common place of sepulture. In company with his brother Celt he was wronged in his trade; he was forbidden to export farm produce except to



England, and his manufacturing industries were crushed by unjust laws. For this reason the Scot was scarcely settled in Ireland until he wanted to leave the country. As the result of this harsh, cruel and unjust treatment, he became a stranger in a strange land. He had ceased to regard Scotland as his fatherland, and was easily tempted to deny that Ireland was his motherland, and hence looked to America as the only country in which, from the middle of the seventeenth century and onward, he could expect to find a home where he would be allowed to educate his children and enjoy the civil and religious liberty for which his ancestors had poured out their blood on many a battle-field.

As early as September, 1636, the "Eagle Wing" set sail from Ulster with one hundred and forty passengers bound for New England. The ship was driven back by storms and the enterprise abandoned. Two years later their leaders went over to Scotland and took a



HON. HENRY WALLACE.

prominent part in organizing the famous Solemn League and Covenant. A little later they sat in the Glasgow assembly which denied the divine right of bishops of the established creed.

Until 1689 we have no record of Scotch-Irish migrations to the United States, although there is abundant incidental testimony that it had been going on for some time. Froude, the historian, says: "Prior to 1689 that fatal emigration of non-conformist Presbyterians from Ireland to New England began, which, enduring for more than a century, drained Ireland of the soundest protestant blood and assisted in raising beyond the Atlantic a power and a spirit which by-and-by paid England home for the madness which

had driven them thither." From 1689 that migration assumed enormous proportions. Incensed by the treatment which they received at the hands of England in return for their heroic defense of Londonderry, a hundred thousand emigrants are estimated to have left the North of Ireland for the United States. Froude speaks of the emigration in this and the following years as destined to depopulate the country, and adds: "The worst of it is, it carries off only protestants, chiefly from the North." In the year 1729 nine times as many Irish emigrants, chiefly from the North, arrived at the port of Philadelphia, as from England, Scotland and Germany combined. This emigration to America from the North of Ireland continued for more than a century, the emigrants landing mostly at Philadelphia and Charleston. According to Proud, in his *History of Pennsylvania*, up to 1729 six thousand Scotch-Irish had come, and for several years prior to 1750 about twelve thousand arrived annually. In September, 1736, one thousand families sailed for the Delaware from Belfast alone.

These waves of migration are distinctly connected with the political events which rendered the Scotch-Irish dissatisfied with their native home. Sometimes they were the result of religious persecution and at other times the result of actual warfare, and at all times very largely arose from dissatisfaction with the tenant system of farming as it existed in Ulster. The Ulsterman never could see why, when he had been at all the expense of improving the land and making a garden out of the wilderness, he should be rack-rented at the expiration of his lease and given the option to pay the full toll of rent demanded, move off, or be evicted. He therefore fought bitterly and stubbornly for tenant-right; inscribed on his banner "Live and let live," and until he secured tenant-right in his own province, about the middle of the present century, America secured the cream of the Ulster tenant farmers. Since that period the emigration of the best class of farmers has nearly ceased, for the simple reason that farming in Ulster is a much easier and as profitable a business as in the United States. The present immigration is therefore made up, not of farmers, but of men skilled in the mechanic arts, in manufacturing and especially in mercantile and professional pursuits, and finds its way, not to the country as formerly, but to the cities and great manufacturing centers.

Having thus spoken of the origin of the Scotch-Irishman, and of the causes that led such a large per cent of them to make America their home, it may be well to speak of these waves of immigration to America somewhat in detail. New England is regarded as the home of the Puritan, and to the Puritan and the Hollander is usually given the credit of making the country what it is. Much of the best blood of New England, however, when traced back, does not come from Plymouth Rock, but from the colony of Scotch-Irish that settled at Worcester, near Boston, in 1718.

Prof. Arthur Perry, of Williams College, Williamston, Mass., has done a great service to the history of New England by his account of this settlement of Scotch-Irish. Incidentally he has shown why the potato, originating in America, is nevertheless called the "Irish" potato, by establishing the fact that this settlement of Scotch-Irish first introduced it into Massachusetts. He tells how a Mr. Walker, of Andover, Mass., planted a few potatoes, the gift of an Irish family. They came up and flourished, blossomed, and produced balls which the family supposed were the fruit to be eaten. They cooked the balls in various ways, but failed to make them palatable, and pronounced them unfit for food. The next spring, when plowing the garden, a few potatoes of great size were discovered, and the Yankee learned that the best part of the potato, like that of some families, is under ground.

From Worcester, the Scotch-Irish scattered through New England as far north as Maine, and among the direct descendants of these emigrants are many of the most eminent statesmen, inventors, journalists and scientists of New England, of whom we mention only Horace Greeley, Professor Gray, the eminent botanist, Hugh McCulloch, Manton Marble and Senator Blair.

The great bulk of Scotch-Irish immigration, however, passed by New England, avoiding the settlements both of the Puritan and Cavalier, and landed either at Charleston or Philadelphia, passing from the former point through North and South Carolina, northern Alabama and Georgia, and from the latter through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, then west through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, or down the river to Kentucky, or through the valleys of Virginia to Tennessee and Kentucky, all three lines converging westward

through the trans-Missouri states to California. Over all these districts the Scotch-Irishman has left his indelible mark. Instinct and necessity made him a pioneer. Intense in his own religious convictions, and, let it be admitted, deeply prejudiced against religious views in any way opposing his own, he preferred a new country and to make a home with his own people, and therefore became a frontiersman. He had an instinctive eye for good land. It is useless to look for a Scotch-Irish settlement in a poor country. Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, the fertile valleys of eastern Virginia, Kentucky, middle Tennessee and northern Alabama suited him in this respect. He does not take kindly to a cold country, and hence there have never been many large Scotch-Irish settlements north of the latitude of Chicago. Living on the frontier the Scotch-Irishman became necessarily a fighter. In fact, he is seldom averse to a quarrel when he can justify himself at the bar of his own conscience and look up to Heaven and say that his quarrel is just. As an Indian fighter he was a pronounced success. Simon Kenton, Daniel Boone and Anthony Wayne are types of the Scotch-Irish character of their day. In the war of 1812 he had an opportunity to settle some old scores with England, and a study of the history of that war will show that the Scotch-Irish took a prominent part, under such leaders as Commodore Perry and General Jackson. A quarter of a century later, Sam Houston displayed the fighting qualities of the race in Texas; and, a few years later, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott gave further proof in Mexico of the splendid fighting material that the race can produce. In speaking of the late war it is only necessary to mention a few names on either side; in the south, Stonewall Jackson, the Browns, Longstreet and Gordon; and in the north, Grant, McPherson, McCook and scores of others of Scotch-Irish blood whose names will live as long as the American child will read the history of that eventful period.

The race has produced some of America's most distinguished statesmen and orators. It is needless to mention Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Corwin, Ewing, John A. Bingham, Jefferson, Polk, Jackson, Blaine, Harrison and numerous others of undoubted Scotch-Irish blood. The Scotch-Irish came to America at first a race of sturdy farmers. How successful they have been in the

arts and industries may be seen by the fact that Robert Fulton, who made steamboat navigation practical, was a Scotch-Irishman on both sides of the house. Whether the credit of making electricity a practical means of communicating human thought is credited to Professor Morse or Professor Henry, matters little to a Scotch-Irishman. They were both of his race, as was McCormick, who took the reaper in hand and adapted it to the use of the every-day farmer. Even Edison on his mother's side is of Scotch-Irish blood.

The Scotch-Irish race in America has, from its very beginning, battled for what it regarded as its rights and liberties. The famous "Mecklinburg Declaration," antedating by some months the Declaration of Independence, was made by southern Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It was the fiery eloquence of the Scotch-Irish Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses that thrilled the nation and precipitated the revolution. With less fiery eloquence, but no less enthusiastic purpose, the pioneer Scotch-Irish of western Pennsylvania gathered at Hannastown, and, after reciting the wrong inflicted upon the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay, made the resolve: "It has therefore become the indispensable duty of every American, of every man, who has the pride of family, love of country or any voice for posterity, by every means which God has put in his power, to resist and oppose the execution of it. That for us we will be ready to oppose it with our lives and our fortunes." And then, with the practical sense which belongs to the race, they added: "We will immediately form ourselves into a military company."

Another strong peculiarity of the race is its love of education. The first thing a Scotch-Irishman inquires about when thinking of settling in a new country is as to the quality of the land; the second thing is as to the church privileges, and the third, as to the means of education. The famous log colleges of the latter part of the last century, out of which have grown some of the finest colleges in the land, such as Princeton, Washington, Jefferson, the Virginia University and numbers of others, were established in sections of the country where the Scotch-Irish race predominated. Largely Presbyterian in their religious convictions, they have furnished to other churches some of their most eminent leaders; for

example, Bishop Simpson to the Methodist, Alexander Campbell to the Christian, and we might extend the list, did space permit, to almost any extent.

It should be stated, however, that in claiming so much for himself, the Scotch-Irishman does not forget that much of his success in the United States is due to the admixture of other blood. In claiming as a Scotch-Irishman every man who has Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, he claims more than perhaps is justly due. He parries the force of this criticism by stating that Scotch-Irish blood mixes well with any other, and by reason of being prepotent from "line-breeding," improves them all.

When asked why it is that history gives so little credit to his race, he replies that it has been so busy making history that it has had no time to write it, and that one of the main objects of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, which holds its sixth annual meeting in Des Moines, June 7-10, is to record the history and bring more prominently into public view the characteristics of the race. If to any their claims may seem to be extravagant, it is well to remember the old proverb, "The Scotch-Irishman keeps the Sabbath,—and everything else that he can conscientiously."



## A NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE.

BY ANDREW ESTREM.

ON a pleasant upland, commanding a view of the serene but devious course of the Upper Iowa river, at a point where its banks are shielded as far as the eye can reach in either direction by lofty tree-studded hills, which form, as it were, an enclosure for the city to the eastward, is situated an institution of learning more widely known than any other to the Norwegians of America. This is the Norwegian Luther College, at Decorah, Iowa,—or, as it is more commonly called at the present day, Luther College, the first part of the title having largely given way to the demand for brevity and also, to an extent, to a gradual change in the conditions justifying its use. Not that the institution has lost any of its character as a school founded and supported by Norwegians for the education primarily of Norwegian youth, but it has during the last ten or fifteen years taken on a more distinctively American character than it possessed during its earlier career. Such a change, when made with due regard to the rightful demands of each set of conditions involved, cannot but be hailed with general satisfaction.

The conditions which have always confronted the authorities of the college are two-fold: To provide a high-grade classical school whose training, always based on Christian principles, shall fit young men more especially for the study of theology in order that they may preach the Word of Life to their countrymen mainly, as yet, in their native tongue; and to prepare them for an intelligent appreciation of American literature and life. To discharge both these functions properly—the promotion of Christian culture and of good citizenship—the college has been under the necessity of employing two mediums of instruction and the student of having two mother tongues. If this state of things has its disadvantages, these are, it is believed, fairly counterbalanced by the advantages resulting through the broader knowledge gained of literary thought and expression. It will thus be seen that Luther College, while similar to other denominational schools of the state in many respects, is unlike most of them, in that, owing to existing conditions in this country, it performs a portion of its work in a foreign language. The proportion between English and Norwegian as mediums of instruction is now slightly in favor of English in all college classes and decidedly so in the classes of the preparatory department. Outside the class-room English is the language generally spoken; it is also the predominant language of the literary societies and was, until a few years ago, the only language used in the students' periodical.

But it is not in the matter of language alone that Luther College holds a distinctive place among colleges. Its characteristics are due to the type of men who have shaped its destiny, to the character of the people who have contributed to its support, and to the class of students who have repaired to its halls for guidance and light.



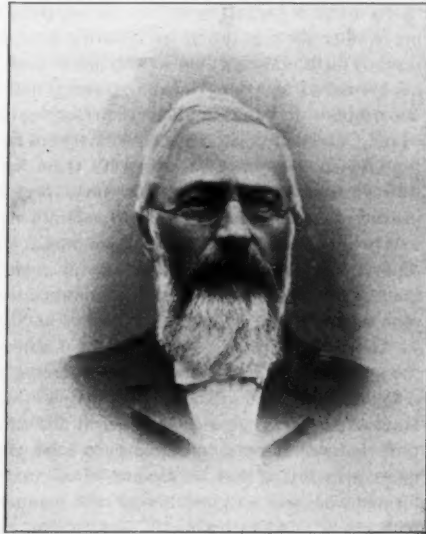
The antecedents of the college are to be sought in the circumstances of the immigrating Northmen at the outbreak of the Civil War, and in their strong devotion to their Lutheran faith. Most of them had slender purses, but nearly all had strong arms and stout hearts. Not being content, or able, to affiliate with their American neighbors in church matters, they at first coöperated with the German Lutherans who had a seminary in St. Louis. But it was soon found necessary to establish a school in their own midst that might carry the students at least through the preparatory stage of theological study. Thus this institution, in the year 1861, entered humbly upon its career, with about half a score of students, in a country parsonage in Wisconsin. Many things have changed since then. Among the more conspicuous outward changes should be mentioned the transference of the school to Decorah in the following year, the dedication of a new and costly building on the present site shortly afterward, the destruction of this building by fire in 1889, and the subsequent erection of a better and handsomer edifice.

From a small preparatory school, it has grown to be, and gained the reputation of being, a high-grade college. Its faculty, consisting at first of two members, has at present eight, each giving about twenty-five hours of instruction per week. The number of students in attendance now averages about one hundred and seventy-five a year, and has occasionally exceeded two hundred. Of these, each receives about thirty hours (forty-five minute hours) of instruction per week. It thus appears that there has been nothing unusual in the growth of the school. Still, it is a growth that under the circumstances is considered quite satisfactory. In the range and quality of the work done progress could also be noted, but it will be sufficient here to state that faithfulness and thoroughness have ever been emphasized. Superfine polish and glittering commonplaces are not held in much esteem if these are intended to cover a deficiency in intellectual grasp. Perhaps finish and form have not always been sufficiently attended to. If so, it must often be ascribed to the clay that came to the potter's hand. However, most of the vessels turned out have honorably stood the test of time.

During the thirty-three years of its activity the college has had but one president, the Rev. Laur. Larsen, a man who only recently completed his threescore of years. He was educated at the university of Christiania, in Norway, came to this country in 1857, and has, until a few years ago, in addition to his college presidency, served as pastor and as editor-in-chief of a weekly church paper. The amount of work he has performed, and to a great extent is still performing, will be better appreciated when it is stated that his duties as president alone have comprised what in many colleges is distributed among the offices of president, registrar, and dean, and, inasmuch as Luther College is a boarding school, also a general supervision of the students' conduct. A part of the latter function, now greatly modified, used to consist in his making a round of the students' sleeping apartments shortly after six in the morning to rouse the drowsy ones, and in his

making a similar circuit through the study rooms after ten in the evening to see that the belated ones, often the same whom he found in the wrong place in the morning, betook themselves to rest. His calls on such occasions always inspired a wholesome degree of fear, not because he would use unjust or unkind words, for he would not, but because he is a man whom all must respect for his conscientiousness and uprightness, and whom therefore the student, when he knew himself in the wrong, disliked to meet. His administration of the affairs of the college has been able, careful, and what most people will agree in considering wisely conservative. While duly emphasizing the original aims of the school, he has been ready to introduce such changes as seemed not inconsistent therewith, and as seemed to have the approval of time.

An important element of strength in the president's policy has been the confidence reposed in him by the people from whom the college has its support. This is the church body known as the Norwegian Synod. There are other church bodies among the Norwegian Lutherans, and other advanced schools, although only one of these deserves the name of college, but it is fairly safe to say that none of these institutions has so strong a hold on the



PRESIDENT LAUR. LARSEN.

hearts of its constituency as has Luther College. This has ever constituted the school's endowment. Other than this it has only a comparatively small fund, the income from which is used for the aid of needy and deserving students. This direct dependence of the school on the sympathy and support of the people, who also control its larger policy through the votes of their church delegates, makes it to an especial degree a people's college, and therefore gives it a strongly representative character. The need of keeping in touch with the common people is felt even by the richly endowed universities. But the dependence, especially if of the pecuniary sort, may be so close as to be occasionally irksome to both parties. Luther College has no doubt been somewhat hampered in its

development, as all similarly situated institutions must be, by this circumstance. A good endowment is now a thing to be desired, and it may be forthcoming some day. Meanwhile the work of the college proceeds without halt or hindrance, the yearly necessities being provided for by the voluntary contributions of the year.

The Norwegian people, having been accustomed to narrow circumstances in the mother country, and few of them having yet become wealthy in the country of their adoption, are somewhat reluctant to give in large amounts, even for objects which they have much at heart. Yet their collective contributions to churches and schools must each year be such in amount as fully to deserve the epithet of liberal.

As a tree is judged by its fruit, so the character of an institution of learning is, after all, best tested by inquiring into the quality of the men whom it sends forth. Most of those who have been students at Luther College have entered as young boys, beginning their course in the preparatory department, and thus making their stay cover a period of six or seven years. The large majority have come from farm homes of the Northwest, from which they have brought with them habits of industry, of straightforwardness, of economy. All have, previous to their coming, been instructed in the principles of Christianity in the parochial schools, and nearly all have had the benefit of common school instruction; for the Scandinavians, whatever impressions may in some quarters have prevailed to the contrary, have not been slow to appreciate the importance of the common school.

The first impression received by a Luther College student, and one of the last to leave him, is, that he has entered a pleasant, Christian home, but a home in which he will have a full share of the blessing flowing from labor. Until a few years ago, the beginner in this school carried more studies at a time than was the case in perhaps any other similar institution. This is not necessarily saying that he accomplished more in a given time. He performed what was assigned him in such manner as he could, and generally with credit; and to his credit was it also, perhaps, that he very seldom grumbled or "kicked" against the existing *regime*. As the student advanced and grew more familiar with his work, he would, in some cases, if not checked by a conscientious impartiality, devote his main energy to a certain line of studies, often the classics, and give to the others odd bits of time, occasionally snatched even from the recitation hour and utilized under cover of a neighbor's friendly back. Such economizing of time and resources at hand proceeded, however, almost always from an attempt to compensate for previous remissness. This fault could not be laid to the charge of the average student, for he regularly devoted at least four hours per day to his preparations for the class-room. One noticeable thing in the class-room work of the students used to be their modest, undemonstrative and unquestioning attitude, differing considerably from that of the average American student, who will not infrequently pelt his teacher with questions

and occasionally treat him to a cannonade of stamping feet. That a lack of interest is not necessarily implied in the greater reserve of the former is proved by general results.

While the Norwegian student is not as a rule conspicuously brilliant, he has excellent working qualities, is energetic and thorough-going, and impresses one by his reserve power and his pronounced sanity. He is seldom visionary or erratic, and is but little given to mere intellectual display. These qualities have gained him a fair reputation wherever he has become known.

Student life at Luther College has of course its less serious side. Although there have been no known cases of hazing, no cane-rushes, and no widely-resounding college yell, there have been other forms of diversion and waywardness sufficient to create the traditional college atmosphere.

To whom the credit is due of having introduced the fashion of college pranks is perhaps not known, but, if Samson of Bible fame had attended an institution of learning, one would naturally think it was he; for did he not play the mischief with the foxes' tails and carry off the gates of a city? Feats somewhat similar in plan if not in purpose and execution have, it is well known, since been attempted against others less wicked than the ancient Philistines. Of exploits of a such-like description the "Decorah boys" are notably innocent, as in fact the students of the smaller colleges are the more likely to be. Neither has any unseemly physical or other rivalry existed between any two classes, as is so often the case between sophomores and freshmen. The college classes, however, have not been able to resist the temptation to speak with a certain levity of the body of students denominated "preps." This persecution was at one time carried so far that it was deemed advisable to interdict the further use of the appellation in the students' paper — with what relief to the aggrieved party is not known. In another form of indiscretion the offender was, or was generally supposed to be, of the other party. This was the amusement of the naughty boy, who would, when others had retired for the night, stealthily drop a tin wash-dish, a bed-slat, or other solid matter down the long stairs, partly to enjoy the sound of its bumping descent, partly, no doubt, to experience the sensation of risk. But his life was not always a pleasant one. A mode of amusement more generally followed by a certain class of students was that of gathering in what is known as the smokers' room, to chat, to sing, to read, and to smoke. Also those who had reported ill for the day would sometimes summon strength to take part in these proceedings. A smoking society such as this, though with many of the good features of a social club, could not but exert an undesirable influence on the younger students. At some points this society bore a certain resemblance to a college fraternity, and is the nearest approach to such a body that has been seen at Luther College. It came to an end some years ago.

Another sort of entertainment, enjoyed by the students as well as by town people, was that furnished by the various musical organizations.

Among these the college brass band has always held a prominent place. Its members used to be assiduous in practicing. No sooner had the recess bell ceased ringing than "toot-toot" went the instrument of the player, the turning of the attention from the useful to the beautiful being so sudden as not a little to surprise the plodding individual with but an indifferent ear for music—or, as he chose to think, for that kind of music. The regular playing of the band, however, even he admired. The open air concerts of the band on a moonlight night form a pleasant recollection in the mind of many a student.

In the matter of outdoor sports the Luther College student is much like his fellows elsewhere. Athletics have not yet come to exercise an influence over him so absorbing that he, like Charles Lamb's whist-player, regards playing a good game as "the thing he came into the world to do," and only "unbends his mind afterwards, over a book." There was a time, not remote,

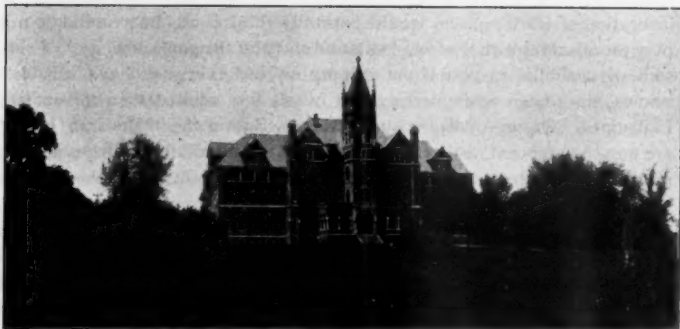


Photo by Berlang Bros. MAIN BUILDING, LUTHER COLLEGE, DECORAH.

when he unbent his mind by bending his back in splitting and carrying wood and in performing other needful services. The introduction of steam heating and other improvements has largely done away with this mode of exercise, but the students still tend their rooms, scrub the floors, and occasionally lend a hand to various minor jobs. For additional exercise they have a commodious gymnasium, built with money collected mostly through their own efforts. As a distinctly Scandinavian sport may be mentioned \*ski-going, in which the students will sometimes indulge during the wintry season.

Amid study and recreation, interspersed with an occasional bit of capriciousness, the student advances toward the goal of under-graduate ambition—graduation. Now a heavier responsibility faces him. For, while the college gently suggests what course it would gladly see him pursue, it leaves him free to decide according to the self-knowledge and the sense of duty

\*"Skis" or "Skees"—a pair of runners made of tough wood, each from five to ten feet long, an inch or an inch and a half thick at the middle, but thinner toward the ends, an inch wider than the shoe of the user and turned up in a curve at the front. Skees are used for sliding down declivities, as a substitute for snow shoes. See Century Dictionary.—Ed.

which it has helped him to attain. But whatever his choice and his subsequent vocation, the Luther College graduate bears with him, in mind and manner, the impress of the institution that sheltered him so long. Of its more than two hundred and fifty graduates, above one-half have entered, or intend to enter, the Lutheran ministry, a considerable number are engaged as professors or instructors, a few of whom are connected with state universities, some are wielding the journalistic pen, and two have been appointed to government service abroad.

As Luther College is the oldest institution of its kind among the Norwegians of America, it is naturally the institution from which their other schools have derived many of their teachers and much of their character. In point of fact, at fifteen advanced schools of the Northwest, including this col-

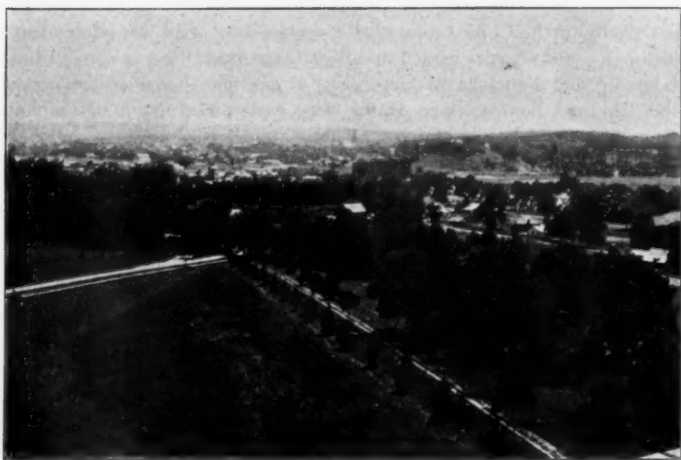


Photo by Borlang Bros.

VIEW OF DECORAH, FROM LUTHER COLLEGE.

lege itself and St. Olaf College, in Minnesota, the instructing bodies consist largely of Luther College men. Thus the influence of the school has, in a sense, multiplied itself, and particularly so during the last decade. What the future of the institution is to be, can only be surmised. There is room for improvement and for expansion, in some directions. A great college, with many parallel courses of study, it will not strive to become. The college has its limitations; within these, however, it might reach out yet farther. At some future time, perhaps a couple of generations hence, the Norwegian language and literature may be studied there in much the same way that German is at present. But the college will still have a function to perform, and a place to fill, among the descendants of its present supporters. One of its duties will be to continue, as long as race distinctions shall exist in this country, as an exponent of what is best in Norse character. Even now Luther College will be admitted to have exerted a not inappreciable influence on the intellectual and social history of the Northwest.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE invasion of Iowa by a so-called Industrial Army, with the exciting circumstances attendant upon its coming, and the novel conditions under which it took its departure, has so engrossed public attention that the subject cannot well be passed without some consideration, even by a magazine devoted primarily to literature. The term "invasion" as here used needs to be qualified. The invaders in this case were more passive than active. The real responsibility for the presence of "General" Kelly's "Industrial Army" in our midst attaches to the Central Pacific Railroad, or to certain of its officials, presumably acting with authority, who practically invited the capture of a train—two road superintendents included—and actually hauled the alleged captors all the way across Utah, Colorado and Nebraska, making every arrangement for their comfort on the trip and landing them at the very easternmost point of the line upon the western border of Iowa. This "army" is entirely exceptional. It is improbable that such an aggregation will ever again be witnessed. The movement has had its little day of popularity, prolonged somewhat by the opposition which it met from the railroads. It is a deeply interesting surface development of the industrial unrest of the period, an unrest chiefly due to the sudden and sharp transition from a period of industrial activity to one of general stagnation. We leave to others the fleeting phases of the question raised by this so-called Industrial Army's recent presence in our midst. Between the labor demagogue on the one side and the mere theorist on the other there is a strange mixing of the real question with various side issues. Between the dreamer of dreams "whose gaunt eyes see golden ages coming," and the professional pessimist, the political speculator on men's misfortunes,—between these extremes are the masses, depressed, yet not wholly without hope. The people are not doing much philosophizing on the situation, and yet they are sorrowfully aware that many conditions do exist which should not. They know that money is plenty in the city banks, but not in general circulation; that the products of the earth are abundant, but are not finding their way into workingmen's homes as freely as they were; that capital is ready to resume activities, but is waiting for a settlement of disturbances among workingmen, and for a stronger and steadier demand for manufactured products. Large minorities in labor organizations are deploring these labor disturbances as at least untimely and likely to strengthen prejudice against labor. These conditions are unfortunate, for, divested of prejudice, can any reasonable mind reject the general proposition that labor as well as capital has claims which governments are bound in duty and in self-interest to respect and, within reasonable limits, allow. This brings us face to face with the real question behind this general confusion of ideas and conditions.



When a recurrence of the historic "Black Friday" is threatened on Wall Street, the Secretary of the Treasury hastens to New York, and on consultation with metropolitan bankers and brokers arranges an output of gold sufficient to avert disaster. When a "Black Friday" comes to the workingmen of the country, why should not the nation, states and municipalities exercise the same regulative prerogative for the better protection of society from the unmixed evils of enforced idleness and consequent pauperism? Why should not government apply to the labor market the same business common sense which it applies to the money market for the prevention of disaster? Temporary relief from strained conditions in the labor market, as in the money market, should be given not as a gratuity, but as an exchange,—in the one case, so much gold for so many bonds; in the other, so much currency, or its representative notes, for so much labor. "But this is paternalism!" exclaims one; "socialism!" cries another. How many a noble purpose for the easing of national and social ills has been frightened from its legitimate field by the twin scare-crows, Paternalism and Socialism! The saying "the world is governed too much" is responsible for a vast amount of criminal repression in legislation. The world is, in fact, woefully ill-governed, but never governed too much. There is indeed an excess of legislation, involving society in much confusion; but every crisis reveals the fact that our laws are sadly inadequate to meet actual emergencies. Why should a government that spends millions for navies and fortifications, and millions more for the improvement of rivers and harbors, refuse to irrigate the vast arid regions of the territories? These regions with their wealth of undeveloped resources vainly wait the coming of the farmer; who, in turn, vainly waits for the coming of the time when water from subterranean lakes and from perpetually snow-capped mountains shall be made accessible to him without the grinding exactions of corporate dispensers of nature's bounty. Why should not states, that maternally foster our public schools, also paternally take up the long deferred question of Good Roads,—and settle it for all time? Our cities are, most of them, doing their share in the herculean work of internal improvements, having learned, by experience with smaller numbers, that it is infinitely better to provide work than dole out charity.

The proposed "Industrial Army," with enlistments for a given period, is a labor fad. It would not meet the long-felt want. The only warrantable appearance of government on the labor market is for the employment of labor to expedite public works which must be pushed to speedy completion, and for the employment of labor upon works—for instance such as the Hennepin Canal—to which government is committed and yet upon which more or less labor may be performed in any given period, as the conditions of the labor market suggest as wise and profitable. Our national government and most of the states are already committed to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. This is well, but it logically calls for some use of the statistics which are from year to year obtained, some application of

the suggestions which these statistics make. In the future higher and inevitably more complicated social organism, the fact that we are our brother's keeper must more and more force itself upon not simply the benevolent but also the selfish element in our social life. The economy of prevention must force us as a people into systematic regulation of the labor market. Suppose, for example, our government had been prepared with plans and specifications for the prosecution of work all along the line of the Hennepin Canal, between Chicago and Moline, and work along other lines of internal improvement to which Congress is committed, what a relief it would have been to communities everywhere, had the men discharged from factories and shops been able to temporarily enter government service on such works at even a minimum wage! Unemployed men fed by public charity and housed in city halls and churches and unused factories have been so many object lessons, teaching with tremendous force the lesson which we as a people need to learn, the lesson which Rome learned too late, that the feeding of an idle multitude is an unmixed curse, while the employment of workmen upon public works in times of crisis, when work is not otherwise obtainable, is an unmixed blessing. As a people we are just far enough committed to the true brotherhood idea to feel the burdens without ourselves enjoying or bestowing many, if any, of the advantages of brotherhood. We must either go farther or draw back. Which shall it be, a retreat or an advance?

\* \* \*

THE present number of THE MIDLAND contains the Prize Story and Prize Poem, as adjudged by the several ladies and gentlemen who, separately, and each unknown to the others, examined the eighty-four original stories and one hundred and ninety-two original poems entered in the April competition for cash prizes. The story and poem speak for themselves. It is but just to say that there was much diversity of opinion among the judges as to the relative merits of the first twenty stories and the first fifty poems. In many instances, the first choice of one was low down in another's list. The result of the competition is, therefore, in the nature of a compromise verdict. The markings of the judges, all able and experienced critics, give new proof of the relativity of literary criticism. The widely varying judgments on these poems and stories give to the amateur writer both encouragement and discouragement,—encouragement in that the verdict rendered is relative, a reasonable inference being that with another set of judges—no better, no worse—another verdict might have been rendered, more or less changing the relative position of the contributions. The discouragement lies in the element of circumstance which affects the judgment of even the best of critics,—the weariness or freshness of the mind as it approaches the theme of a poem or the situation of a story; the kind or style of a poem or story to which the judge at the time may be most inclined. Unsuccessful contributors will find it useless to write asking the why or wherefore, for, like themselves, we only know the result. The judges are

widely scattered. We cannot well go behind the returns if we would. Future contests are open to all contributors, old and new, and our advice is, "try again." It will by this time be apparent to the general reader that our purpose is not to swamp the MIDLAND with amateurish stories and verse, but to open the magazine's columns to those who, having talent, have not acquired the details of professional literary work and the prestige of assured position in the literary world. In this purpose and to this end we hope to have the hearty support of all who are truly interested in the development of real literature in the midland region.

\* \* \*

WITH the present number closes Volume I of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The crucial test has been made. The new magazine not only lives, but grows; and its growth is noted by thousands with keenest interest. It entered upon its career six months ago, with the necessary constituency of readers *to get*. The hard times were against the venture; but, nevertheless, that constituency was obtained; and every day witnesses its increase and contributes to its promise. Already its readers are numbered by tens of thousands. Its subscription list and trade sales include every city and town in Iowa, and hundreds of cities and towns in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, California, and most of the other states, east and west, north and south. Inquiries for sample copies are coming from every state in the Union, showing the general interest in this distinctively representative periodical. Its corps of contributors is rapidly increasing, and will soon include all the most talented writers in the midland region, and many of the best magazinists in the country. With the promised return of better times in the near future, the new magazine, now well established, is certain to make phenomenal strides toward the front rank of illustrated magazines.

#### AWARD OF PRIZES

IN THE MIDLAND'S APRIL STORY AND POETRY COMPETITION, OPEN TO  
AMATEUR AUTHORS.

The ratings of the several members of the committee, sitting in separate judgment on the Stories entered in the MIDLAND'S April Competition, give the Cash Prize of \$20.00 (for the best Original Story) to the story entitled "LIZ," by Janet Buchanan, of Lemars, Iowa.

The ratings of the committee to whom were referred the Poems entered in this competition award the Cash Prize of \$10.00 (for the best Original Poem) to the verse entitled "MURMURS OF THE NIGHT," by Edgar Welton Cooley, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

The committees separately report about twenty stories and fifty poems as having merit and entitled to honorable mention. But as many of the contributors have declared themselves averse to any mention of their names in any other connection than with the prize, we deem it best to simply state our purpose to hold the more meritorious contributions for future publication, as space can be accorded them, unless their respective authors signify a wish to have their MSS. returned. The remaining contributions will be returned soon as possible, except those which were not accompanied by return postage.

# INDEX

## TO

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

### VOLUME I.

#### PROSE.

	PAGE.
ALDRICH, HON. CHARLES, AND THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.....	Frank W. Bicknell..... 471
ANTONIO.....	Eugene Schaffler..... 97
With Illustrations.	
ARIZONA ADVENTURE, AN.....	Mrs. Mary W. Adams..... 284
With Portrait.	
ARTESIAN WELLS AND IRRIGATION IN THE DAKOTAS.....	Henry L. Chaffee..... 483
With Portraits and Illustrations.	
BACK TO THE HILLS.....	Ray Richmond..... 251
With Portrait.	
BATTLE OF GIANTS, A.....	Eugene Schaffler..... 434
With Portrait and Illustration.	
BEATRICE. A Story of Bayou Teche.	
(Continued).....	Alice Ilgenfritz Jones..... 29
With Portrait and Illustrations.	123, 212, 343, 454, 556
BOY LIFE IN THE WEST—WINTER.....	Hamlin Garland..... 113
With Illustrations.	
CANADA THISTLE, A.....	Octave Thanet..... 3
With Illustrations.	
CHARACTER STUDY, A (Kirkwood).....	Editorial..... 191
CHRISTMAS IN MALAGA.....	Charles S. Jacobs..... 339
With Illustration by the Author.	
CLARKSON, "FATHER".....	Cyrenus Cole..... 59
With Portrait and Illustrations.	
CLUBS AND CLUB WORK.....	Mrs. Lillian Monk..... 190
COLORADO GRASSHOPPER, A.....	Carl Louis Kingsbury..... 312
With Illustration.	
COMMONWEAL CRUSADE, THE.....	James B. Weaver..... 590
CRUISE ALONG THE CUBAN COAST, ETC....	Ed. L. Sabin..... 201
With Illustrations.	
DREDGING FOR SPECIMENS, A CRUISE, ETC.....	Ed. L. Sabin..... 201
With Illustrations.	
EDITORIAL COMMENT.....	94, 191, 296, 405, 507, 612
EDITOR ABROAD, THE.....	89, 287, 400, 502
EDUCATION AND LABOR, SOME THOUGHTS ON.....	President J. M. Pile..... 393
With Portrait.	
ENGLAND'S GREAT SEAPORT (Liverpool). "The Editor Abroad"....	287
FAR-REACHING CHARITY, A.....	B. F. Tillinghast..... 325, 409
With Portraits and Illustrations.	
GREAT WORK WELL BEGUN, A, (Hon. Charles Aldrich, etc.).....	Frank W. Bicknell..... 471
With Portraits and Illustrations.	

# INDEX.

	PAGE.
GEORGE SAND AND YOUNG AUTHORS.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 405
GLOOM IN FICTION, THE ELEMENT OF....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 405
HARLAN, JAMES.....	<i>Samuel M. Clark</i> ..... 227
With Frontispiece and Other Portraits.	
HAMLIN GARLAND'S VERSE.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 94
HISTORIC WAR SONG, A.....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> ..... 49
With Portrait and Illustration.	
INCIDENTS IN A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN....	<i>F. W. Meyers</i> ..... 169
With Portraits.	
IN THE TIME OF THE CHOLERA, (A Story of Lake Constance and Hamburg)....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> ..... 143
With Illustrations.	
IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.....	" <i>The Editor Abroad</i> ".... 89
INVASION OF IOWA, THE.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 612
INVASION OF IOWA, THE.....	{ <i>Judge N. M. Hubbard</i> .. } 588
With Illustrations.	{ <i>Gen. James B. Weaver</i> .. }
IOWA COLLEGE, GRINNELL.....	<i>Hervy Smith McCowan</i> ... 492
With Portraits and Illustrations.	
IOWA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.....	<i>Ora E. Miller</i> ..... 73, 255
With Portraits and Illustrations.	
IRVING AS LEAR.....	" <i>The Editor Abroad</i> ".... 400
JONES, GEN. GEORGE W., THE FOUNDER OF A STATE.....	<i>Maude Meredith</i> ..... 542
"KATHERINE LAUDERDALE".....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 507
KELLY'S TRAMPS.....	<i>N. M. Hubbard</i> ..... 588
KIRKWOOD, SAMUEL J.....	<i>H. W. Lathrop</i> ..... 163
With Frontispiece and Other Portraits and Illustrations.	
LAST MAN OF THE REGIMENT, THE.....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> ..... 515
With Illustrations.	
"LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY".....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 296
LITERARY NORTHWEST, THE, — MERGED INTO THE MIDLAND.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 296
LITERATURE AS NEWS.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 507
"LIZ'".....	<i>Janet Buchanan</i> ..... 575
With Portrait and Illustrations.	
"MAGAZINE DAY" IN THE HOME.....	<i>Grace Westcott Black</i> .... 187
"MARCELLA".....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 507
MCDILL, JAMES WILSON.....	<i>S. R. Davis</i> ..... 383
With Portraits.	
MIDLAND'S PURPOSE, THE.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 94
MIDLAND'S APRIL STORY AND POETRY COMPETITION FOR AMATEURS, THE..	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 507, 614
MOTHERS IN CLUBS.....	<i>Maria C. Weed</i> ..... 398
NATIONAL GALLERY (London).....	" <i>The Editor Abroad</i> ".... 400
NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND....	<i>G. W. E. Hill</i> .... 303, 443, 534
With Illustrations.	
NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE, A....	<i>Andrew Estrem</i> ..... 605
With Portrait and Illustrations.	
PICTURESQUE PARIS.....	<i>Bertha Louise McClelland</i> .. 244
With Illustrations by the Author.	
POETRY AND PROSE.....	<i>Editorial</i> ..... 191
PURSER'S ROMANCE, THE.....	<i>Minnie Douglas</i> ..... 362
With Portrait.	
REPRESENTATIVE MEN.....	59, 163, 227, 383, 542

# INDEX.

PAGE.

SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA, THE.....	<i>Henry Wallace</i> .....	596
With Portrait, etc.		
SCOTLAND, NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF.....	<i>G. W. E. Hill</i> ....	303, 443, 534
"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA".....	<i>Editorial</i> .....	94
SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION AND		
LABOR.....	<i>President J. M. Pile</i> .....	393
With Portrait.		
STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, THE.....		177
With Illustrations.		
STUDENT LIFE AT AMES.....	<i>Judge Tom Burke</i> .....	269
With Portraits and Illustrations.		
SUYDENHAM AND WESTMINSTER.....	" <i>The Editor Abroad</i> "....	502
TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF AN AUTOGRAPH		
FIEND.....	<i>F. G. Moorhead</i> .....	375
With Illustrations.		
VILLAGE ROMANCE, A.....	<i>Helen Hoyt Sherman</i> .....	427
With Portrait.		
WINTER,—BOY LIFE IN THE WEST.....	<i>Hamlin Garland</i> .....	113
WOMEN'S CLUBS IN IOWA.....	<i>Mrs. Virginia J. Berryhill</i>	85
With Portrait.		

## POETRY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	<i>W. C. Kenyon</i> .....	112
ALONE.....	<i>Charles Eugene Banks</i> ....	587
With Illustration.		
AT NATURE'S FEET.....	<i>Clarence Hawkes</i> .....	433
BELATED VALENTINE, A.....	<i>J. J. Maxfield</i> .....	226
BREAK-UP, THE.....	<i>Charles Blanchard</i> .....	491
COTEAUS OF DAKOTA, THE.....	<i>Doane Robinson</i> .....	491
DAKOTA DAWN, A.....	<i>Harry C. Baker</i> .....	243
EVENING.....	<i>Ellis Parker Butler</i> .....	142
EDWIN BOOTH.....	<i>Isadore Baker</i> .....	382
GRANT.....	<i>Viola Gardner Brown</i> ....	286
HE IS RISEN.....	<i>Mrs. J. R. Letts</i> .....	311
I HEAR THE SEA.....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> .....	186
LANG SYNE.....	<i>George Meason Whicher</i> ..	250
LULLABY,—ROCKING SONG.....	<i>Clara Adele Neidig</i> .....	57
MEMORIAL DAY.....	<i>Mrs. L. B. Dermond</i> ....	533
MURMURS OF THE NIGHT.....	<i>Edgar Wellton Cooley</i> ....	574
PAGAHN.....	<i>Justin M. St. John</i> .....	210
PASQUE-FLOWER, THE.....	<i>Georgiana Hodgkins</i> .....	442
PRAIRIE SONGS.....	<i>Hamlin Garland</i> .....	22
Autograph Poem and Illustration.		
REGRET.....	<i>Grace Mary Shoup</i> .....	250
SEMPER FIDELIS.....	<i>Addie B. Billington</i> ....	168
SETTLERS.....	<i>Hamlin Garland</i> .....	46
"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA".....	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> .....	38
SURPRISE, A.....	<i>Tac Hussey</i> .....	373
SUNSET AND DAWN.....	<i>Mary A. Kirkup</i> ....	374
With Illustrations by the Author.		
TENEBRAE.....	<i>Hugh Eilus</i> .....	342
TRIO FROM NATURE, A.....	<i>Barton O. Aylesworth</i> ....	47
TWINS.....	<i>Alburt Allon Witny</i> .....	283
VOICES OF MORNING.....	<i>Samantha Whipple Shoup</i> ..	594
WIFE'S TOKENS, A.....	<i>Elaine Goodale Eastman</i> ..	338

## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

Mrs. N. B. Ashby, wife of the American consul at Dublin, Ireland, and daughter of Hon. Henry Wallace, of *The Homestead*, is soon to give MIDLAND readers some phases of her life in Ireland's metropolis.

"John Beeching, Doctor. The Mystery of Kelvin Bridge," by Minnie Douglas, illustrated by Richmond, will soon be published in THE MIDLAND.

General Sibley is the subject of a forthcoming biographical sketch for THE MIDLAND.

Fanny K. Earl, the gifted Wisconsin authoress, has been added to the list of MIDLAND contributors. A descriptive paper and a poem by Mrs. Earl will soon appear.

Mr. J. W. Murphy, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Burlington, and one of the best writers and most keenly appreciative literary critics in this midland region, has undertaken, at THE MIDLAND editor's request, to write a magazine sketch of the eventful life of ex-Governor and Senator-elect John H. Gear.

You can have THE MIDLAND free for one year, or, if you are already taking it, you can have a credit of \$1.50, if you will send the publisher three new yearly subscriptions and \$4.50.

The late ex-Postmaster-General Hatton's career will be sketched by a friend of the deceased in a future number of THE MIDLAND.

Hon. B. F. Clayton will have an article in THE MIDLAND soon.

Col. John H. Keatley promises an illustrated paper, or series of papers, on Alaska people and scenery.

Two autograph letters of John Brown, letters of great historic interest, with a number of portraits of the emancipator and his associates, will accompany forthcoming papers written for THE MIDLAND on John Brown in the West.

A finely illustrated article on Lake Pepin may be looked for in the July MIDLAND.

The Icarian community near Creston will be vividly pictured in a future number of THE MIDLAND.

Elaine Goodale Eastman, the Elaine Goodale of American poetry, whose long residence among the Indians has enriched her mind with a vast wealth of literary material, follows up her poem in the April MIDLAND with a vividly pictured story of Indian life entitled, "A Hasty Conclusion." This story will appear in one of the early numbers of THE MIDLAND's second volume.

The Ladies' Club Contest for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY's prize of \$25.00 closes June 30. Clubs purposing to enter papers in competition for the prize will do well to send in their papers at once.

The photograph of Mr. Cooley, winner of the poetry prize, arrived too late for reproduction in THE MIDLAND. Mr. Edgar Welton Cooley, of Marshalltown, is a native of Ohio and is 29 years old. He is a journalist by profession, having been engaged in newspaper work in Dubuque and Keokuk, Iowa, and Princeton, Indiana.

The strikingly well-drawn portrait of General Sherman which constitutes the frontispiece of this number is from the hand of Mr. Charles A. Gray, of the *Chicago Herald* force of artists, and one of the most talented black-and-white draughtsmen in that city of artists. Mr. Gray is author of an attractive and suggestive pamphlet on Newspaper Illustration. It was through this medium that we discovered his virile strength in portraiture.

A double interest attaches to Major Byers' deeply interesting story "The Last Man of the Regiment," in this number of THE MIDLAND, from the fact that its author was a soldier on duty there in the woods that night preceding the battle, and took part, and was captured, in the terrible charge on Missionary Ridge which in the story is so vividly described.



## THE BLACK HILLS REGION AND HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA.

**H**ISTORY began amid the Black Hills only a decade ago. The first awakening came when Sheridan commissioned Custer "to organize an expedition at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory." The result was far-reaching, though the intrepid warrior who conducted it found a grave not far from the hills.

Previous to the advent of Custer, General Harney had skirted these pine-clad hills and had given his name to one of their highest peaks. General Warren took up the investigation and succeeded in pushing as far north as Inyan Kara. The Civil War broke out and interest in the Black Hills ceased until Custer told the world of the wealth concealed beneath the surface of the hills, and then its history began. The government afterward purchased the region from the Indians in 1877, and the Black Hills were opened to settlement.

Following the cession of these lands to the government came the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad, placing this wonderful region in touch with the rest of the world.

Hot Springs, which stands as the outpost to these hills, is brought almost to one's doorway through the enterprise of the Burlington system; and its direct accessibility and the fact that it is the only hot springs resort in the northwest give it an importance quite deserving the term "The Carlsbad of America."

Sheltered from the storms that touch the crowns of the hills, protected by grand cañons and enriched by cooling breezes, Hot Springs, South Dakota, is a Mecca toward which thousands of pilgrims in search of health and recreation are annually wending their way.

There could be no more favorable location for a resort. Embosomed within the hills, picturesquely placed upon Fall river, with an altitude of 3,500 feet, the atmosphere is at once clear, pure and dry, and free from malaria.

The gulch in which Hot Springs is situated, is wide enough for a line of streets, although the main thoroughfare of the city follows the windings of Fall river, and is hemmed in by high bordering ridges of triassic sandstone. These ridges are easily scaled, and upon them pretty cottages and club-houses have been erected.

The canvas stretched for miles amid these hills is beautiful beyond description. The tips of the trees look as if they had been touched with blue-black inks, so deep is their coloring. In the middle distance the forests seem transfigured, while in the more sequestered nooks there is a fantastic display of color.

**||** Contrasting finely with this display of color, are the buildings of pink and white sandstone, making this idyllic resort a veritable White City.

### *THE BLACK HILLS REGION, ETC.*

Particularly in the number and character of its hotels is Hot Springs remarkable, no less than eight public houses being open the whole year round, besides innumerable boarding houses. Next in importance to the hotels are the bath houses and swimming pools; nearly every hotel is provided with these essential conveniences.

The Black Hills Chautauqua Grounds are but a mile distant from the city on the line of the Burlington, and one could hardly picture a more lovely spot. A commodious pavilion has been erected, affording ample space for lecture and convention purposes. Here the talent of the country speak to people gathered from every portion of the Union.



But Hot Springs has more to boast of. It is the seat of the Soldiers' Home of South Dakota, a monument to the patriotism of this young state. Standing upon a delightful elevation overlooking the city, surrounded by evergreens, rocks, ravines and gypsum mounds, the building, three stories high, bids a hospitable welcome to the worn veteran.

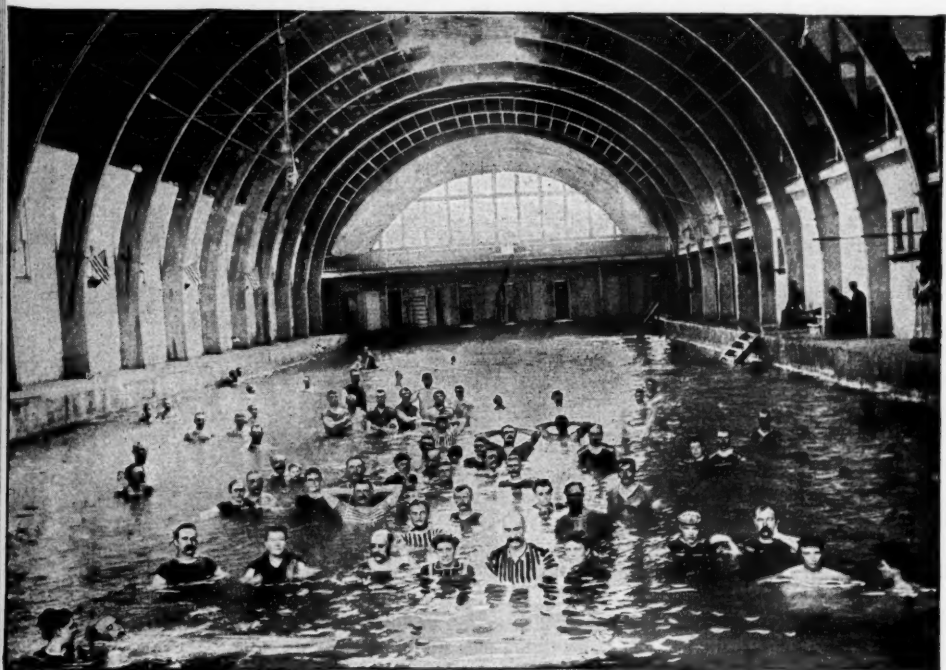
The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Catholics here have erected beautiful houses of worship. Here is also located the Black Hills College, which, under the fostering care of the Methodists, is acquiring an enviable reputation.

On the east, Battle Mountain towers aloft, overlooking the valley and out-topping the surrounding peaks. On the west, Gypsum Butte rears its head crowned with its peak of red clay, and almost destitute of vegetation.

### THE BLACK HILLS REGION AND

Down the cañon, and in the rear of Catholicon Springs, Dennis' Peak stands out boldly against the sky. From these heights magnificent views are obtained.

Ten miles north of Hot Springs, and reached by comfortable coaches, is Wind Cave, so-called because of the almost continuous outrush of wind from its mouth. Nature is seen here in its ruggedest, most beautiful and, withal, grandest aspect. It is regarded by many as more wonderful than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or the Wyandotte Cave of Indiana, or



the Cave of the Winds in Colorado. Thirteen separate routes have been explored, covering ninety-one miles of passages. Three years' explorations have only served to outline the proportions the cave may reach. The depth varies from three hundred to a thousand feet. Twenty-one hundred chambers have been explored, at some places the cave being eight tiers deep. These chambers are glistening with crystalizations, or are cut into geometrical figures by beautiful box-work formations which line the walls or are hung in frost-work, airy and delicate.

Excursion parties journey to Sylvan Lake or the Falls of Fall river, a short distance away. Battle Mountain, where the decisive battle between

## HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA.

the Sioux and the Cheyennes was fought fifty-three years ago, offers a view seldom surpassed, and a sunrise seen from this mountain, capped with immense boulders, "is like the benediction that follows after prayer."

The Cheyenne river valley holds out glittering inducements to the geologist and lover of strange fossil formations. A visit by rail may be paid to Deadwood and Lead City, a hundred miles away, where half the gold of America is mined every year. At every turn the scene changes. The weird and solemn cañons of the higher mountains give way to avenues shaded by the sighing pines and quaking aspen, while wild gorges and running streams, mountain parks and stretching woodlands dance merrily past as the train rushes onward. The side-trip into Spearfish should not be omitted, for along the thirty-one miles of track which connects that thriving little burg with the main line of the railroad is, perhaps, a greater variety of grand scenery than is to be found anywhere else in the west. The country surrounding Sheridan, Wyoming, also deserves attention. Sportsmen will there find use for both rod and gun. Well-stocked trout-streams abound, and "big game," yea, even the redoubtable grizzly is frequently encountered. At all these points — Custer Lake, Deadwood, Lead City, Spearfish and Sheridan — there are good hotels, and, during the summer months, low round-trip rates apply from Hot Springs.

The principle hot springs here, having a temperature varying from 96 to 98 degrees Fahrenheit, are six in number, issuing from fissures in the solid rock. The strongest and most valuable medicinally are the Minnekahta, the Mammoth and the Lakota, which supply the water for nearly all the bath houses and plunge baths in the city, while a mile and a half distant is the Catholicon spring.

Over Mammoth Spring, but a short distance from the principal hotels, in the north part of the city, a magnificent plunge bath, 50 x 250 feet, has been built of stone, iron and wood, and provided with all the conveniences and apparatus of the most famous natatoriums in the world. The water in this colossal bath-tub, which contains 300,000 gallons, and varies in depth from four to eight feet, is never still, as it rushes out through an orifice at the south end of the building at the rate of 100,000 gallons per hour.

Prof. Charles B. Gibson, chemist, of Chicago, in analyzing the water of the plunge bath, found :

CONSTITUENTS IN GRAINS PER GALLON OF 58.329.	
Total residue.....	83.1000
Inorganic and non-volatile.....	71.0000
Organic and volatile.....	12.1100
Sulphate of sodium.....	23.2628
Sulphate of potassium.....	5.6272
Sulphate of calcium.....	36.1125
Chloride of calcium.....	5.5887
Chloride of ammonium.....	0.0261
Chloride of magnesium.....	4.1144
Nitrate of magnesium.....	0.3024
Phosphate of magnesium.....	0.0936
Carbonate of magnesium.....	3.5257
Iron sesqui-oxide.....	0.7490
Alumina.....	0.2710
Silica.....	1.5483

Of the various theories that prevail in regard to these springs — which have flowed since the upturned rocks, micascists, slates and quartzites of Archæan time, took on their present appearance, — the one most generally accepted is that the waters are heated by the absorption of highly-heated vapors and gases which emanate from sources deeper seated than the fountain head of the water itself.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A VALIANT IGNORANCE," by Mary Angela Dickens, \$1. MacMillan & Co., Publishers, New York.

"A MODERN BUCCANEER," by Rolf Boldrewood, \$1.25. MacMillan & Co., Publishers, New York.

**Bound Volumes of The Midland Monthly** (containing the numbers for six months) cloth sides, leather back and corners, **\$2.75**; cloth **\$2.50**.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes, in cloth for **\$1.00**; cloth, leather back and corners, **\$1.25** per volume (six numbers), subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on THE MIDLAND, 25 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be plainly marked with owner's name and address. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.* Cloth covers for THE MIDLAND, 50 cents.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

SECOND AMATEUR CONTEST, CLOSING JULY 1, 1894.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

For the best *Original Story* of not more than four thousand words, written by an amateur, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Poem* occupying not more than a page of this magazine, composed by an amateur, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

*This contest is open to all yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. It will close July 1, 1894.* It will be followed by other special announcements.

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any one subscriber may enter any number of poems and stories. The names of contributors will be withheld from the judges and the names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public.

## THE MIDLAND CLUBBING LIST.

THE MIDLAND, \$1.50 a year, and—

Atlantic Monthly, \$4.00 a year, to one address for.....	\$4.80
Century Magazine, \$4.00 a year, to one address for.....	5.10
Arena, \$4.00 a year, to one address for.....	5.10
Review of Reviews, \$2.50 a year, to one address for.....	3.60
To present subscribers of the Review.....	3.85
St. Nicholas, \$3.00 a year, to one address for.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan, \$1.50 a year, to one address for.....	2.85

Reductions given on all the other magazines, if clubbed with THE MIDLAND. Address PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.

PRINTED BY THE KENYON PRESS.

# THE MARQUARDT SAVINGS BANK.

A general banking business transacted.  
Your business respectfully solicited.  
Interest paid on deposits.

## OFFICERS.

G. W. MARQUARDT, Prest. D. F. WITTER, Vice-Prest.  
G. D. ELLYSON, Cashier.

## DIRECTORS.

G. W. MARQUARDT, Prest. G. W. Marquardt & Sons.  
Wholesale Jewelry.  
D. F. WITTER, V-Prest. Iowa Loan and Trust Co.  
J. G. BERRYHILL, Attorney at Law.  
E. C. FINKBINE, Prest. Green Bay Lumber Co.  
F. M. HUBRELL, Pres. Equitable Life Insurance Co.  
W. O. CURTIS, Real Estate.  
A. P. FLEMING, Attorney at Law.  
G. B. PRAY, Treas. Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.  
G. D. ELLYSON, Cashier.

Sound Discs are invisible, and  
comfortable. Relieve more cases of

## DEAFNESS

than all devices in the world. H. A.  
Wales, 678 Ashland Block, Chicago.

# READ WHAT H & H WILL DO

It will Clean Silks and Woolen Goods,  
Ribbons, Curtains and Carpets. It has  
no equal for Cleaning House, Killing  
Moths and Removing Grease Spots.

**You Need It. Saves Money and Labor.**

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**PRICE 15 CENTS A CAKE OR TWO CAKES  
FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address H AND H, Des Moines, Iowa.

# Plants and Flowers.

We are the Largest Growers in the city, and  
always have a large supply of seasonable Flowers,  
making a specialty of Cut Flowers, Work for  
Funerals, Parties, Weddings, and in fact, furnish  
Flowers for every occasion, from the cradle to  
the grave. Special attention given to mail orders.

Greenhouse, 2640 Cottage Grove Ave. 'Phone 384.  
382. City store, 306 Seventh St. 'Phone 384.

**W. L. MORRIS, Florist.**

Telephones.

Hours 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m.  
Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

## DR. E. H. HAZEN,

COR. FIFTH AND LOCUST STS., DES MOINES, IOWA.

### SPECIALTIES:

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.

OFFICE, Marquardt Block, Room 208.

# Union Business College.

Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial  
Law, and Business Correspondence taught by an experienced  
bookkeeper and business man. Shorthand, Typewriting, Spelling,  
and Practical Grammar taught by experienced stenographers and  
teachers. No "Professors," but a thorough business course taught  
by experienced business men and women.

For further information address A. S. DENNIS, Principal,

708 Youngerman Block.

Des Moines, Iowa.

# O. P. ALLMART

CAN SHOW YOU 1000 STYLES . . . . . **Suits and Overcoats**  
. . . . . OF SPRING GOODS FOR

That cannot be beat in Style, in Fit, in Make, in Prices.

N. E. Cor. Fifth and Walnut Sts., Third Floor.

DES MOINES, IOWA.





**\$140,000** worth of stock sold in the past five months!

**The Algona Deposit and Loan Association,  
of Algona, Iowa,**

Issues its certificates bearing EIGHT PER CENT GUARANTEED SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST, which are secured by first mortgages on improved real estate in Iowa worth at least twice the amount of the loan. Three other classes of stock. Write us for particulars.

THOS. F. COOKE, Pres.  
F. M. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

## **The Western Teachers' Bureau,**

**M. B. LOCKE, MANAGER, DES MOINES, IOWA.**

Colleges and schools of all kinds supplied with successful teachers on short notice. Correspondence with progressive teachers solicited. We need more experienced teachers at once. This Bureau operates in all parts of the United States. Established in 1885. Circulars and blanks free.

### **TO LADIES' LITERARY CLUBS.**

Do you want \$25 in cash for your club treasury?

The publisher of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY announces that he will pay a *cash prize of \$25* to the Ladies' Literary Club that sends him, for publication in the MONTHLY, *the best and most "available" paper* read before the club by any one of its members,—the paper which shall be sent him by any club to be determined by vote of the club. The author of the winning paper will be complimented with a copy of the Magazine for one year, on sending the publisher a photograph of herself, the portrait to accompany the publication of said paper. The conditions are:

I. The papers sent may be of any length, but should the winning paper be too long for one number, it will be continued in the next; papers of less than six thousand words preferred.

II. The clubs admitted to competition, whether local or federated, may be located anywhere in THE MIDLAND's large field, namely: between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains.

III. The papers must be either type-written or in extra-legible handwriting, the matter written upon but one side of a page.

IV. Postage must be prepaid (in full by actual weight), and the same amount of postage must be enclosed for a return of MS. in every case where its return is requested.

V. The papers must all be in before the last day of June, 1894.

The papers most "available" for the Magazine's use are Original Stories; Description, not at second hand, but by an eye-witness,—all the more acceptable, everything else being equal, when accompanied by good photographs of the scenes described,—and Reflective Articles on subjects—not distinctively controversial—which are of direct interest to members of ladies' literary clubs, and to reading people everywhere. Address Publisher, MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.









WHEN YOU WANT  
THE BEST .....

SMOKED MEATS AND PUREST LARD,

**"FIDELITY"**  
YOU CAN PIN  
YOUR FAITH TO

Send Your Orders to

**T. M. SINCLAIR & CO.,**

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



**Ferris'  
Good  
Sense  
Waists**

EXCEL ALL OTHERS  
**FOR SUMMER WEAR.**

MADE IN  
Ventilating Cloth.  
Guaranteed not to Rip  
Style.

255 Baby	.. \$ .40
256 Child	.. .50
257 Miss	.. .65
258 "	.. .85
259 Ladies	.. 1.00
260 "	.. 1.25

**Marshall Field & Co.,**  
CHICAGO.

Western Wholesale Depot  
Send for Circular.

**FERRIS BROS.**

Manufacturers and Patentees  
311 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.



**DES MOINES TAWNING CO.**  
TENT & MFRS OF ALL KINDS  
OF CANVAS GOODS.  
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE & PRICES.

**GUM-ELASTIC  
ROOFING**

costs only \$3.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on.

Gum-Elastic Paint costs only 60 cents per gal. in bbl. lots, or \$4.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs, and will last for years. TRY IT.

Send stamp for samples and full particulars.

**Gum-Elastic Roofing Co.,**

39 and 41 West Broadway, NEW YORK.  
LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.



**DO YOU SEE**

and hear perfectly? If not, call on or write to

**DR. F. DUNCAN, Oculist.**  
311 West 8th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.



OPERATING OVER 1,200 MILES OF ROAD

... IN ...

IOWA, MINNESOTA and SOUTH DAKOTA.

SOLID TRAINS BETWEEN

Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul.



THROUGH SLEEPERS AND CHAIR CARS

Cedar Rapids and Chicago, Cedar Rapids, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The Short Line to Sioux Falls, Watertown,

And all points in the West and North-West.

Tourist Tickets on Sale each Season of the Year to Prominent Resorts.

Maps, Time Tables, Through Rates, and all Information furnished  
on application to Agents.

C. J. IVES,  
President.

JAS. MORTON,  
Gen'l Tr't and Pass. Agt.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

**CALIFORNIA IN 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  DAYS**

Variable Route  
Tourist Tickets  
at Greatly Reduced Rates

Pamphlets descriptive of the

**MIDWINTER FAIR**

Will be mailed free on application to W. A. THRALL, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, if you mention this publication.

423 Broadway, New York.  
PRINCIPAL OFFICES: 5 State St., Boston.  
208 Clark St., Chicago.

All Agents of connecting lines sell tickets via

from Chicago. All  
meals served in  
Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-  
Room Sleeping Cars  
and Tourist Sleepers  
are run through to  
San Francisco with-  
out change, leaving  
Chicago daily via

**THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE**

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

